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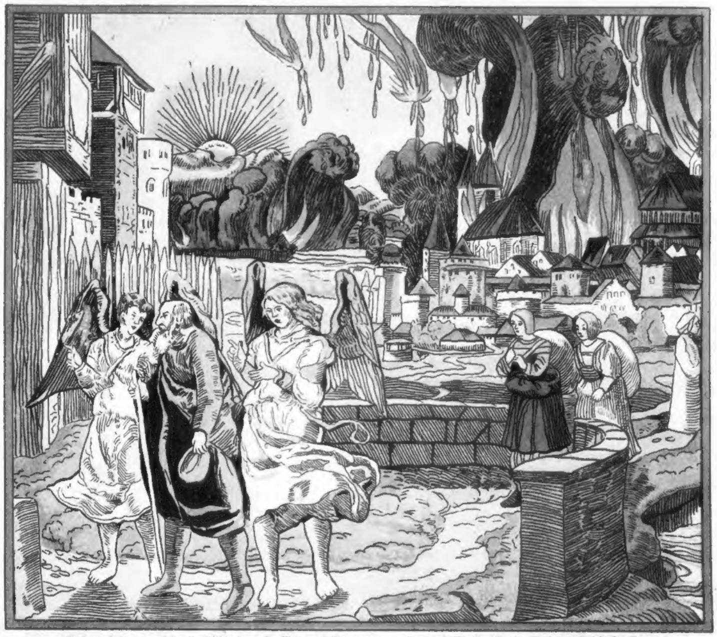
Sunday, Aug. 12, 1934

Old Testament Miracles As Martin Luther Believed Them

Cranach's Interpretation of the Children of Israel Being Fed in the Wilderness With Manna and Quails Miraculously Sent.



Sodom Is Destroyed for Its Wickedness by Fire and Brimstone as Lot and His Family Are Led Out Safely by Two Angels. An Illustration by Lucas Cranach From Luther's Bible.

Elisha Looks On in Adoration as the Prophet Elijah Ascends to Heaven in a Fiery Chariot.

HOW Martin Luther, the great German reformer, regarded the miracles of the Old Testament is amply revealed in his own translation of the Bible. A magnificent reproduction of this great work has been issued in honor of the 400th anniversary of its first publication in 1534.

The pictures are by Lucas Cranach, the Saxon painter and engraver, one of the greatest of the German Old Masters. He was once Burgomaster of Wittenberg, the birthplace of the German Reformation, and his altarpieces are triumphs of religious art.

The pictures chosen by Luther to illustrate his Bible show that he believed in every one of the Old Testament miracles literally, never trying in any way to explain them, but accepting them as a direct intervention of God to save Israel, or punish the wicked.

It is interesting to notice that the great artist Cranach depicts the Biblical characters as solid Germans of his time—burghers, farmers and occasionally princes. The destruction of Sodom by "fire from Heaven" is graphically illustrated. Its doom was brought about by the sinfulness of its inhabitants, and only Lot, the nephew of Abraham, with his daughters, escaped on account of his righteousness. His wife, turned into a pillar of salt for disobediently looking back at the city, may be recognized in the background, while Lot, dressed as a German farmer, plods contentedly on, guided by two angels.

Whether this catastrophe was due to an earthquake, the ignition of petroleum springs or some other natural agency never bothered Luther. The city was destroyed by "fire from Heaven," and there was no ground for speculation.

When the Israelites were about to die from thirst in the Wilderness, Moses struck a rock and water gushed forth. Luther had no thought of the modern explanation that Moses fortunately found a spring, and that the story is a poetical version of the discovery.

Luther and his artist show manna falling from Heaven and quail being driven by a strong wind to feed the hungry Israelites. The modern discovery that manna is an exudation of certain insects, and is found upon shrubs in the Wilderness was not dreamed of by Luther.

The Bible relates that the great Prophet Elijah was carried up to Heaven in a chariot of fire in the presence of his successor Elisha. If anybody had said to Luther that this was perhaps a hallucination of the over-wrought zealot Elisha, the reformer would probably have denounced him as an atheist.

Moses Erects a Brazen Serpent, Which Is Worshiped by All Those Bitten by the Snakes, and They Are Cured of the Poison.

Moses Strikes the Flinty Rock in the Wilderness and Water Gushes Forth for the Refreshment of the Israelites.

The Widow's Cruse of Oil Is Miraculously Filled and Refilled, as Was Promised to Her by the Prophet Elisha.

Curious Indian "Paintings" Done With Arrowheads

COLLECTING arrowheads—those triangular chunks of flint that the Red Men used with such cold-blooded efficiency in slowing up the westward march of the pioneers—is a hobby that many Americans have indulged in for years.

There are, here and there about the country, displays of these relics of a swashbuckling day that was pushed out of adventurous actuality into the pages of the history books by the "shooting iron," the "iron horse" and the indomitable will of the white man to make the North American continent his own.

Many museums, of course, include arrowheads among their displays of Indian relics, and more private collectors than you could shake a tomahawk at have from a half a dozen to several hundred of the flints as mementoes of the era when the phrase "the wild and woolly West" meant exactly what it said.

But no one anywhere has a collection of arrowheads quite like that gathered by Dr. A. R. Wittman, of Merrill, Wisconsin, over a period of nearly 60 years. All together the doctor has picked up more than 5,000 of those stone tips which the Indians so expertly sent into the persons of the hated pale faces. Some of these he keeps in cases, in the manner of the curators of museums, but hundreds of them he has assembled into remarkable "paintings," three of which are shown on this page.

Dr. Wittman believes, and the hundreds of people who have had the privilege of looking at his arrowheads heartily agree with him, that any picture formed with the flints should be a representation of Indian life or something associated with the one-time masters of the vast sweep of territory that is now the United States. That's why his best "paintings" are careful copies of well-known pictures and statues of Indians.

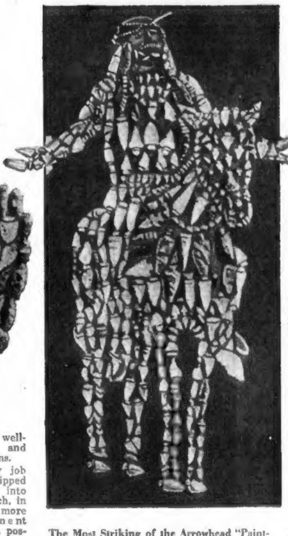
It is no easy job combining the chipped pieces of flint into "paintings" which, in the opinion of more than one eminent artist and critic, possess genuine power and beauty. Every one of the arrowheads has to be selected for color and size and put in exactly the right relation to all the other arrowheads. Otherwise the result would be hodge-podge of dull color which would fail to impress anyone. But the doctor has a feeling for the thousands of flints that he has spent a good part of his life collecting, and he is something of an artist with the brush besides. He knows when he starts out on an arrowhead painting exactly what he wants—and he isn't satisfied until he gets the best possible effect with his crude and difficult medium. His "canvas" usually is a background of cloth, or wallboard, and as he decides where each arrowhead is to go and in just what direction its tip must point, he fixes the flint to the background with a length of fine wire. Some of his pictures, assembled painstakingly a flint at a time, have taken him months to complete.

It is said that the Wisconsin man who has managed to combine art with the gathering of arrowheads has been offered a fortune for his pictures, but that he is not interested in selling them to museums or to individuals. Getting the relics and putting them into what one authority calls "one hundred per cent American mosaics" is his hobby, not his business, and he gets too much satisfaction from the pictures to commercialize them.

Many hundreds of the arrowheads have been assembled into likenesses of animals, in the manner of the bison "painting" shown on this page. One of the finest of the pictures is a large representation of a bull moose with his antlered head upraised. Other animal studies fashioned entirely of the rough triangles of flint picked up here and there about the country show a grizzly bear and a deer poised for flight.

Next to the arrowhead "paintings," Dr. Wittman prizes a chair made of 16 bison horns. This chair was once a sort of throne used by Chief White Calf, the Blackfoot who ceded to the White Man the huge tract of land which is now Glacier National Park.

One of the "Paintings" in Flint Rocks Made by Dr. A. R. Wittman, of Merrill, Wisconsin. The Relics of Indian Warfare Are Arranged According to Size and Color to Form the Likeness of a Bison.

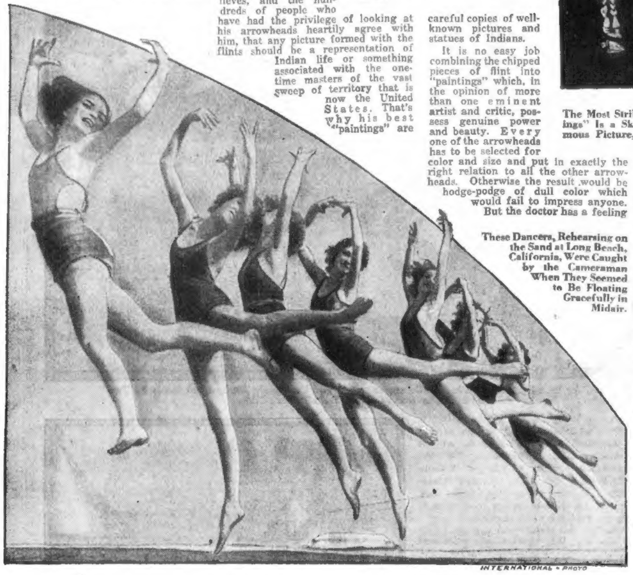


The Most Striking of the Arrowhead "Paintings" Is a Skilful Reproduction of the Famous Picture, "Plea to the Great Spirit."

Another Copy of a Well-Known Picture, "The End of the Trail," Fashioned of Artistically Mounted Arrowheads, Which Are Part of a Collection of 5,000 Gathered Over a Period of 58 Years.

KOBEL STUDIO-PHOTOS

Pretty Dancers Who Defy Gravity



INTERNATIONAL • PHOTO

These Dancers, Rehearsing on the Sand at Long Beach, California, Were Caught by the Cameraman When They Seemed to Be Floating Gracefully in Midair.

NOT the least of the attractions of Long Beach, California, are the shapely and sprightly young women who use the sunny sands of that resort as a dancing floor.

Unlike some of the scantily clad girls who romp on the beach and, now and again, cool off in the surf that beats in from the West, these young women are not going through antics for their own amusement or the attentive glances of others. They are engaged in the serious business of learning to dance.

Almost any morning, before the average citizen of Long Beach is up and about, these disciples of Terpsichore can be seen down where the sand is hard going through their day's lesson under the watchful eye of Miss Lillian Newman, their teacher.

A cameraman, who didn't at all mind getting up before breakfast to snap the remarkable photograph of seven of the dancers in action, didn't know that he caught every one of the young women floating gracefully in mid-air until he developed his negative. Because he held the camera close to the ground and caught the figures at an unusual angle, the picture makes it appear that the dancers are not earth-bound by gravity.

Winked a Bullet Out of His Eye

THE belief that pieces of steel embedded in the body will work their way out in time was justified in a strange way a few weeks ago when 68-year-old William Biehl, a resident of Oakland, California, winked a .38-calibre bullet out of his right eye.

A few minutes before the blackened and flattened slug dropped out, Mr. Biehl felt a bit uncomfortable and thought that a good-sized piece of flying dust had blown in his eye. He was working on the eye with the corner of a handkerchief and going through the usual maneuver of pulling down the lid and blowing his nose when he felt a sharp pain and blinked out the mis-shapen bullet.

The doctor who treated the eye after the unusual occurrence looked up Mr. Biehl's hospital record, more out of curiosity than for any other reason, and found that the man had been treated for an accidental bullet wound three years ago. The bullet had not been found at the time and the victim of the accident had all but forgotten that he was carrying the piece of lead somewhere inside him.

England's Biggest Schoolgirl 6½ Feet Tall, But 13-Year-Old Giant Is Stronger

GLOBE-PHOTO

Miss S. Henderson, the Tallest Schoolgirl in England, Is Only 17 Years Old, but She Towers Six Feet and a Half Above Ground and Is Still Growing. Her Size 17 Shoes Have to Be Made to Order.

SALLY HENDERSON, of Langley, and Frank Hayes, who lives in Battersea, are two of the best known school-children in the British Isles—Sally because she is six and a half feet tall at the age of 17, and still growing, and Frank because, at the age of 13, he tips the scales at more than 245 pounds and is the strongest boy in England for his age.

Young Hayes is proud of the distinction that has come to him and he doesn't at all mind his schoolmates calling him "Fatty," for he is one of the fastest runners and best swimmers in the school. He enjoys using some of the boys of his own age to demonstrate his great strength. He lifts them over his head and, as a special stunt, walks about with one on his shoulders and a couple more hanging from his muscular arms.

Miss Henderson feels quite different about her exceptional height. She doesn't at all enjoy being head and shoulders above her classmates and would like nothing so much as "to be like other girls." Her folks have had her to one specialist after another in an effort to stop or retard her growth, but she keeps on growing and there just doesn't seem to be anything that can be done about it, although it is known that the trouble lies in certain ductless glands that are working overtime.

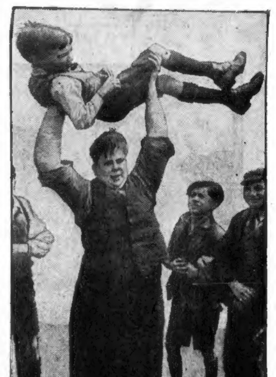
The girl is particularly sensitive about her feet, which are even longer and wider than they need to be to support her. Right now she wears a size 17 shoe and, if her feet keep on growing at the same rate they have in the past 17 years, Sally's shoemaker—who has been making her footwear to measure for about three years—will have to construct pairs of size 20 shoes to cover her Carnera-like pedal extremities.

All her clothes have had to be made to measure since she was 14, when she was already a six-footer, and her father found it necessary to build her a special bed so that her feet didn't stick out over the footboard.

The girl feels that she is what the scientists and the circus ballyhoo men call a freak and she does not enjoy going to school or out in public. But Frank Hayes, the young giant of Battersea, has no such notion about himself and hopes that he will grow up to be a strong man, or a heavyweight boxer, who can knock the tar out of any other man who steps into the ring with him.

He is remarkably active and fast for a person of his size and weight and has won many prizes for running in school athletic meets. For the past three years—since he was a lad of 10—he has been anchor man on the Central School tug-of-war team and, thanks to his weight and his power, the team has captured every match in which it has engaged.

In weight and strength it may be that the English lad is in a class by himself, for his age, but Denver, Colorado, boasts a 15-year-old schoolboy who surpasses England's six-foot strong boy and the six-and-half-foot girl giant in height. He is Willard Akin who, on his fourteenth birthday towered six feet and eight inches above ground and who was still growing, despite the efforts of physicians to halt the speeded-up growing process. The Denver boy, like the British girl, does not like being bigger than his fellows and would, if he could, swap places with some physically normal lad of his age.



WIDE WORLD PHOTO.

Frank Hayes, the Strong Boy of the English Public School System, Tips the Scales at 250 Pounds and Is a Six-Footer, Although He Has Just Turned His Thirteenth Birthday. One of His Favorite Stunts Is to Make Human Dumbbells of His Normally Built Classmates.

Transport Garden 27 Miles to Sea

THE "farthest out" lighthouse on the coast of Maine is on Mount Desert Rock, 27 miles from the mainland. After a hard Winter, such as the last one, the occupants of the lonely station welcome the advent of Spring and the return of the small fishing boats. And particularly do they welcome the fishermen from Bar Harbor, South West Harbor and Bass Harbor on Mount Desert Island. For nearly all of these sturdy men carry off a big grain bag or two of plain dirt for the women folks on the "Rock."

Mount Desert Rock is a small place, perhaps half an acre of stones above high water mark. It is just about big enough for the occupants of the lighthouse station to "stretch their legs." Yet for many years this remote, isolated station has borne the reputation each Summer for a few brief months of being a floral paradise.

The dirt the fishermen bring off is carefully packed in between the crevices and seeds of many varieties are sown and carefully tended. Strangely enough they nearly all thrive in the cold, moist atmosphere. Visitors approaching the Rock during the Summer and early Fall, are amazed at the kaleidoscope of color that greets the eye on the barren ledge.

With the first Fall frosts the garden disappears and long before the Winter is over the raging storms that literally throw huge waves across the rocky area wash every vestige of soil from the offshore rock garden. Long before Spring comes around again not even a spoonful of soil is left on the rock.

All through April the fishermen carry off their bags of dirt until the women cry "enough." In May the seeds are planted. It causes a strange and pleasant sensation to the landsman who first views this annual "riot of color" on bleak Mount Desert Rock, the last place in the world that anyone would expect to find a flower garden.

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His Own Career Ruined by the Girl He Ruined

The Prime Minister of the Canadian Province of Alberta, Who a Jury Decided Had Lured a Pretty Country Girl to the Capital and There Betrayed Her, Resigns His High Office in Disgrace

Former Prime Minister John E. Brownlee, of Alberta Province, Canada, Who Resigned His High Office After Miss MacMillan's Testimony Concerning His Conduct With Her.

A Photograph of Vivian MacMillan When She Was a Carefree, Happy Country Girl at the Time She Met the Premier, and (Above, at the Left) Vivian as She Appeared Going to the Trial—Thin, Hollow-Cheeked, and Twenty Pounds Lost by Worry.

EDMONTON, Canada.

"WE will carry our appeal to the foot of the British throne, if necessary," said the father of Vivian MacMillan, the pretty little country girl, who won a verdict of $15,000 from the Prime Minister of the Province of Alberta, Canada, for her moral ruin.

But she lost it again because Acting Chief Justice W. C. Ives, the presiding judge, set the jury's verdict aside on the grounds that the victim had not proved that her betrayal had caused any damage. Many Canadians were surprised at this reversal and a newspaper of Edmonton ran the risk of being in contempt of court when it remarked:

"It must be assumed that Justice Ives is of the opinion that loss of a girl's virtue by seduction is of no value."

Whether John E. Brownlee, the Prime Minister, eventually has to pay the money or not, that verdict has forced him from the highest position in his province to private life. For thirteen years he was a member of Alberta's Cabinet and nine years its Prime Minister (about the same as a Governor of an American State), and now he ends his career in shame and obscurity because he could not leave an 18-year-old country girl alone.

That tragedy, as told in the court, began in July, four years ago when Premier Brownlee paid an official visit to the little town of Edson whose mayor was A. D. MacMillan, assistant foreman of the Canadian National Railway shops. Mayor MacMillan, aided by everyone else of any consequence in town turned out to welcome the biggest political figure in the Province. Among these, of course, was the Mayor's 18-year-old daughter, belle of the town, Sunday school teacher, singer in the church choir and leader of the Edson troupe of Girl Guides.

Trembling and blushing, the country beauty hoped that the greatest man she ever expected to meet would notice her and think she was nice. Alas, her wish was fulfilled. After riding to a picnic in the back seat with Vivian and her mother, Premier Brownlee said:

"That is certainly a beautiful daughter you have here. And may I ask what sort of career is planned for her?"

On being told that she was going in for music, the great man shook his head dismally, according to Vivian's story.

"Very hard to make a living at music," he stated and the faces of the MacMillan family fell. Suddenly the great man's countenance lighted with hope and so did the others'.

"Why not have her take a business course in Edmonton?" he suggested. "And then I will see that she gets a position with the Government."

This was priceless advice from one of the most influential and best-informed men in Canada. Vivian's musical career was thrown away that moment, like a picnic paper napkin. Their only fear was that this big political dignitary who was always meeting people would forget this simple country girl.

A month or so later, Vivian and her mother came to Edmonton, the girl registered at Alberta College, a United Church Institution, and she took a room at the Y. W. C. A. Vivian told the court that a few days after her mother went home, the Premier telephoned her to say that "a little birdie had told him she was in Edmonton" and to invite her to the house to meet his wife and two sons. He hadn't forgotten the country maiden, not he!

Vivian quickly became a regular visitor at the Prime Minister's home and Mrs. Brownlee testified that she grew to love the girl like a daughter. A few weeks later, according to Vivian, the Premier asked her what she knew about life. Vivian said that she was surprised and answered that she supposed she knew as much as any other 18-year-old girl. However, since the Premier, in spite of all his other responsibilities had offered to act as her guardian, she thought he meant to give her a little "what-every-young-girl - should-know" advice. So she made a date with him for the next morning, resigned to listen to a long sermon.

That night, she said, the Premier drove out on a lonely road, west of Edmonton and parked the car beside an irrigation ditch. According to Vivian's testimony which the jury evidently believed, this man, old enough to have been her father, made the following ingenious approach:

Q. Now, what occurred on that trip?

A. Premier Brownlee told me that he had been madly in love with me for some time and that surely I could not have helped knowing. He told me that he was very, very lonesome and that he and Mrs. Brownlee had not been living together as man and wife for a good number of years and he just could not go on any longer unless I would give in to him. He told me that it would be a matter of saving Mrs. Brownlee's life. He said that if she ever had another child it would kill her.

Q. What was your answer to this proposal?

A. I told him I thought such a thing was sin.

Q. What did he say to that?

A. He just laughed at that, and he told me that if his daughter had lived and had done the thing he was asking me to do, he would have been proud of her. He told me that he could not go on as Premier of the Province of Alberta, that it would ruin his whole home life too and probably be the cause of Mrs. Brownlee's death, unless I did as he asked.

Q. What else did he say?

A. He asked me what I thought of Mrs. Brownlee. I told him that I thought a lot of her. He said that this was one way I could show my friendship and gratitude to her and to himself.

Q. And what was your reply?

A. I told him that if there was any other way of showing my gratitude I would be glad to do it but he said that this was the only way. Mr. Brownlee had his arms around me and was kissing me, while he said this.

Vivian MacMillan With Her Father and Mother, Whom the Premier Persuaded to Change Her Career From the Study of Music to the Study of Business Close Beside His Office and Home.

For a week, the girl from the country and her Prime Minister did not see each other and then it was Mrs. Brownlee who brought them together by inviting Vivian to tea on a Sunday. She accepted and that evening when it came time to go, Mr. Brownlee insisted on driving their guest to her home at the Y. W. C. A. But first, she says, he drove out in the country again, stopping the car on another lonely road, between a fox farm and a cemetery. There, between the quick and the dead, Vivian says the following happened:

Q. Now what happened on that occasion?

A. When we got to the side of the road where we stopped, he suggested that we sit in the back seat of the car. We got in the back seat. He made love to me and told me how much he loved me and was kissing me. He said he thought it was my duty to give in to him to save his wife and family. He had his arms around me and while telling me this, he forced me onto the seat of the car. I fought against him but on this occasion, he was partially successful. He flew into a rage, however, because I had resisted him and he got into the front seat of the car.

Q. What were your feelings?

A. I was terrified.

Unfortunately the terror did not last long enough to prevent the man taking her to the same place a few nights later. Asked to relate what followed, Vivian testified:

"He parked the car and asked me to get in the back seat, and said he would not touch me if I would get in the back seat, but I had only been in the back seat a few minutes when he said again that if his daughter had lived he would be proud to have her do the thing he was asking me to do. All this time he had his arms around me and was kissing me.

"He again forced me down onto the back seat of the car. I fought against him but this time he was too determined to be moved by my tears or pleas and succeeded. Then he took me in his arms and said how wonderful I was and that it was strange that he had to wait until he was an old man before he found the woman he really loved. He said how proud he was that I had been so unselfish as to do the thing he had asked me to do. He then asked me why I was trembling and I said I was afraid of what it might cause. He said not to worry about that because he knew about some pills and that if I took them every month I need not be afraid."

Vivian testified that during the next six months Premier Brownlee telephoned her several times a week and at frequent intervals, drove her to one of those lonesome road locations, where history repeated itself, except that the tears and struggles seem to have been omitted. When the girl had finished in six months the stenographic course which usually requires ten months at the Alberta College, she found a job waiting for her at the Parliament Buildings.

Working as a stenographer by day and meeting her distinguished admirer by night, she said, went on but with occasional strange interruptions. Vivian testified to twinges of conscience about facing the woman whose life she was supposed to be saving and, for that reason she often kept away from the Brownlee residence for considerable periods. But always Mrs. Brownlee would send her an invitation too cordial to resist.

Acting Chief Justice W. C. Ives, Whose Action in Setting Aside the Damages Awarded Vivian Against the Premier Has Caused So Much Comment in Canada.

The Prime Minister's wife testified in her husband's defense, that she had never felt any suspicion of an affair between the two and still believed him innocent. Vivian told the court that on one occasion her gray-haired rival had given her a long, keen look and asked if Mr. Brownlee had done anything to her. One night, when the lady of the house was away, Vivian said that she shared Mrs. Brownlee's bedroom with the Premier.

The most surprising evidence concerned a month during the Spring of 1932. It was seeding time and the Brownlee maid had gone back to her father's farm to help out. Mrs. Brownlee suggested that if Vivian would occupy the maid's room and help a little, the household would not need a strange maid during that time. About ten feet from the maid's room was the room where Brownlee slept with his son Jack, about sixteen years old. Asked how the Prime Minister contrived night visits with Vivian she said:

"Mr. Brownlee asked me if I would come into his room in the night. I told him no, it was impossible, with Jack sleeping right in the next bed. He said that would be all right, Jack wouldn't wake up.

"At night Mr. Brownlee would get up out of his bed and come out into the hall and go to the bathroom and run the water in the bathroom to cover up any noise I would make in getting out of bed in the maid's room. On his way back I would be standing there and he would take me into his arms. I would walk in his footsteps, so it sounded as if only one person were walking. And when we got in his room, he would stand by the bed and I would get into bed behind his back."

Q. Were there any reasons why he should not have come into the maid's room where you were?

A. The only reason I know is that the floor in that room squeaked and so did the bed.

Q. Then how did you get back?

A. Mr. Brownlee would again go to the bathroom. I would walk in front of him. He would go into the bathroom, run the water again and that would cover up any noise I might make getting back into bed. This happened nearly every night I was there, except the week or ten days Mr. Brownlee was away.

Vivian said that though she felt guilty and unhappy and was losing weight, things drifted along until she fell in love with a young medical student, John Caldwell. The climax came when Caldwell proposed marriage and she confessed her relations with the Premier. Caldwell withdrew his offer but still remained her friend, urging her to terminate the affair.

The girl told the court that she frequently begged Brownlee to "give her her freedom" but that always he frightened her out of it. She said that among other things, he threatened to get her discharged and prevent her from ever finding another job in all Alberta.

Finally, after losing twenty pounds weight and suffering a nervous breakdown, blamed to the pills and worries, she says she informed her father who brought suit for damages. Though the Prime Minister and his wife, supported by witnesses, swore that it was all pure imagination, a jury of six men awarded the girl $10,000 damages and her father $5,000, for loss of her services.

Judge Ives told the jury that he disagreed with the verdict and though that verdict stands, he set aside the damages on the ground that it was not shown that either father or daughter was really injured by her betrayal. From the legal point of view it is a civil, not a criminal action, much like a suit brought against a motorist. For a pedestrian to collect damages, he must not only show that the motorist ran over him wrongfully, but that in some way he was the worse for the accident.

Mr. Neil C. MacLean, K. C., Vivian's lawyer, has given notice of appeal and intends to carry it, if necessary, to the Privy Council, known as "The Foot of the Throne." But however the courts decide about whether the MacMillans get the money damages the jury said they ought to get, the Prime Minister's own career has been ruined by the girl he ruined—Brownlee has resigned his high office and gone into retirement.

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The Romance That Exploded a $750,000,000 Hoax

The Reverend R. N. Pyke, Who Became Suspicious About the Marriage Documents and Exposed the Mock Major's Swindle Scheme.

Main Street of the Village of Southwold, Where the Adventurous Schemer Established His Headquarters.

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"Major" Crane, the Former Bricklayer, Whose Scheme to Mulct the Villagers Went Wrong When the Schemer Fell in Love.

LONDON.

IF the personable and persuasive young man known to the citizens of Southwold, in Suffolk, as Major Crane, had not made the mistake of falling in love with Mrs. Muriel Duke he might still be mulcting his friends in one of the most brazen and spectacular swindles in the history of England, or any other country. And if the Reverend R. N. Pyke, vicar of Southwold, hadn't taken a good look at a document that was supposed to make it legal for the Major and his pretty fiancee to get married, Mrs. Duke would have been duped into committing bigamy and that serious charge would be added to other charges Crane will have to answer for—if the law ever catches up with him.

How Leonard Crane ever managed to victimize four of Southwold's leading citizens to the tune of $25,000 is a mystery that Scotland Yard is trying to fathom, along with the young man's whereabouts, for the story he told was preposterous.

It began with the supposed drawing of a check on one of England's biggest banks, which check, the Major said, was dishonored, although he had ample funds in the bank. Oddly enough, so Crane's story went, the British Government had long wanted to "get back" at the bank because it had unpatriotically refused to sell war bonds during the World War. He seemed, what with the bank greatly worried about his threatened suit for defamation of character, an ideal "front man." So, said Crane modestly, the King and the Prime Minister made him a Major and a Commander of the British Empire and backed him in his damage suit.

The Southwold friends of the Major believed all this and the even more incredible yarn that, after the case had been tried in secret session—because the Government wanted to keep its part in the proceedings from the general public—he was awarded a judgment of $750,000,000.

This king's ransom, Crane glibly explained was tied up, temporarily "in chancery," and to get it out he found himself obliged to borrow a trifling portion of the sum awaiting him. He thought $25,000 would be enough. Four of his friends, having been sworn not to discuss the case in public, advanced this sum to the pseudo major, with the understanding that he would give them $25,000,000 each—when he collected his $750,000,000.

While these "investors" were waiting to profit so handsomely from the generous major's tied-up fortune, he became engaged to Muriel Duke and, one day, appeared at the home of Southwold's vicar, the Reverend Mr. Pyke, with an impressive looking document attesting that it was all right for Mrs. Duke to marry, despite the fact that she hadn't previously been divorced from a husband, who was among the missing. The clergyman, suspecting that the paper was forged, refused to go through with the wedding ceremony—and Major Leonard promptly disappeared.

Scotland Yard has yet to catch up with him, but they know that "Major Leonard Crane" is one David Percy Caprice, a former bricklayer and lumber salesman, that he has a wife and three children and that his $750,000,000 fortune was one of the nerviest hoaxes ever attempted in England or elsewhere.

Mrs. Muriel Duke, Whom Crane Sought to Marry Without the Formality of Divorce, by Using Forged Documents.

Loch Monster Inspires British "Art"

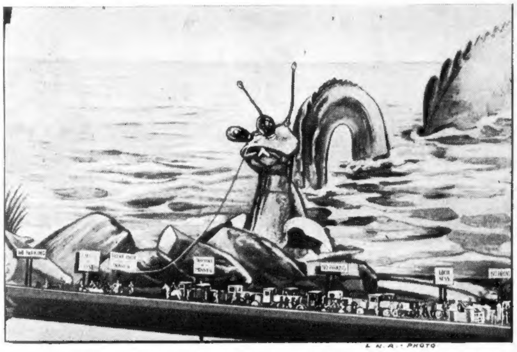
HER Majesty Queen Mary of England smiled as broadly as it is proper for a queen to smile in public, a few weeks ago, when she gazed at the humorous painting of the sea serpent that is said to haunt the waters of Loch Ness, in Scotland. A reproduction of the picture is shown at the right.

It may well be that Her Royal Majesty, and many of her subjects, smiled a trifle too soon at the sarcastic representation of a monster that has been news all over the world for many weeks. Until a week or so ago few people believed that the beast was anything more tangible than figment of overwrought imagination on the the part of a few excited Scots, but since that time an accredited scientist has made an actual photograph of the monster which has a long and serpentine neck, a small head and a bulky body like that of no other creature known to roam the earth today.

The picture created considerable interest when it was hung in an exhibition of modern art on the walls of London's famous Olympia. It amused hundreds of people who thought the story of the Loch Ness monster a harmless hoax and fascinated hundreds of others who believe that the Scottish lake really is the home of some brute that is a throwback to prehistoric times.

In the artist's conception of the sea serpent, the creature is big enough to wipe out the pastoral community built around the shores of the loch. It towers above the buildings and figures of people in the foreground and would have been, as the painter imagined it, at least a thousand feet long.

Just how long the monster actually is remains to be discovered, but the recently snapped photograph indicates that the fearsome inhabitant of the loch measures at least 15 or 20 feet from snout to tail.



L. N. A. PHOTO

The Humorous Painting of the Loch Ness Monster, Inspired by the Reports of the Sea Serpent. Queen Mary of England Went to See the Curious Representation.

Sea Water at $4.45 a Gallon

A FEW weeks ago the good people of Monhegan Island, which rises from the sea 20 miles offshore from Boothbay Harbor, Maine, thought that Professor Oliver P. Watts, of the University of Wisconsin, had gone crazy. They learned from Earl Field, one of the residents of the island, that the professor had written him and asked him to send him, by express, a gallon of sea water. For this he was willing to pay $3, or more, plus the carrying charges, which turned out to be $1.45.

The professor's letter specified that the water must be strictly "fresh" and dipped up a good distance from the shore. So Mr Field, being a conscientious fellow, got in his dory and rowed a mile or more out into the open sea before he filled the can, which he carefully crated and sent on its way to the Middle West.

It turned out that Prof. Watts used to be a Summer resident of Monhegan Island and who knows his Maine coast, was conducting a series of experiments to find out how to prevent the corrosion of certain metals. He wanted to know what salt water did to these metals before and after they were treated and it seemed to him that his tests would not be conclusive unless he used the real thing.

"I could have made up an artificial sea water by adding the right amount of salt to fresh water," the scientist explained, "but I knew that some critic might say that my findings were doubtful, or no good, because I hadn't used the real stuff. That's why I was glad to pay what seemed an exorbitant price for a can of plain ocean."

Until the experimenter made this explanation his friends on Monhegan Island suspected that he had gone a bit "daffy" from overwork, but news of the professor's experiments allayed any such fear and caused the Monheganites to wonder if they could not, on the strength of this sale, supply other scientists with the salty liquid that beats up against the rocks in their dooryards.

London Policemen Learn to Keep Radio Calls Under Their Hats

WIDE WORLD PHOTO.

Miniature Radio Receiving Set Constructed to Fit Inside the Ample Helmet of a London Constable.

THE "bobbies" of the British capital, already famous all over the world for their efficiency in keeping the peace and apprehending breakers of the law, recently have been equipped with tiny radio receiving and sending sets that fit inside their helmets and which will enable them to keep in constant touch with headquarters. The photograph at the left shows how small one of these two-way sets is compared to the crown of the standard helmet.

For several years radio engineers have been trying to perfect such a piece of mechanism so that policemen, walking their beats, could keep in touch with their headquarters just as radio cars do in most of the world's largest cities. But until recently such small sets were not practical or dependable.

The new sending and receiving sets measure three inches long and less than three inches wide. They weigh only a few ounces, but are so cleverly and so well made that they function perfectly. They are adjusted to pick up and send—with the help of a so-called Marconi tube—messages on a wavelength of four metres.

The best and most modern of the commercial short-wave receiving sets cannot tune in on such short waves, so the conversations between the "bobbies" and their officers are strictly private and they do not have to worry about anyone tuning in on them.

It is said that the police departments of Berlin and Paris have been experimenting with similar equipment and that, before long, the "coppers" in every large city on the Continent will be walking radio stations and, as such, will have a much easier time of it, maintaining law and order and rounding up criminals before they have time to get away from the scenes of their offenses against society.

When a "bobby" wants to talk back to headquarters he merely removes his hat and talks, in a low voice, into the tiny transmitter of the set.

The day is not far distant, several radio engineers believe, when such small and efficient sets will be available to the general public. The possibilities of such compact receiving sets are obvious and intriguing. Baseball fans, with such sets under their hats, or in their pockets, could listen in on the play-by-play broadcasts of a world series, for example, while walking along the street, mowing the lawn, or digging in the garden.

Brokers, and others interested in the doings of the stock market, could follow the battle of the Bulls and Bears while playing a round of golf and could go on with their game, or rush back to the clubhouse to phone in orders to buy or sell.

It may be some time before personal and portable radio sets are available to the general public, but their arrival seems inevitable.

Tiny Mirrors for Finger Tips

IT is only within the past year or two that women, as one Parisian style czar points out, have made the most of their fingernails. The vogue for ornamenting the nails began with painting them in colors to match, or harmonize with, evening gowns, and evolved into the artificial nails which could be attached and detached. These devices made it unnecessary for women to stain their nails and opened up a whole new field of personal adornment. The jewelers saw the possibilities of the fad and are still doing a flourishing business in detachable nails studded with semi-precious stones and even with diamonds.

And now comes a new wrinkle for the fashionable maid, or matron, who wants people to look at her hands as well as her face and her figure—the mirror nails. As the photograph at the right shows, each of the nails is covered with a shell of celluloid, or some similar material, encrusted with tiny pieces of looking-glass.

The effect in the sunlight, and in artificial light, is spectacular. Each facet of glass, with its backing of quicksilver, reflects the light rays and the nails gleam and glisten as though they were solidly covered with diamonds.

It is predicted by experts who ought to know the trend in feminine fashions that the mirror nails probably will enjoy more popularity on the stage than in the smart restaurants and nightclubs. One woman, they say, with her mirrored nails in the spotlight, will have the effect on the other patrons of a battery of tiny searchlights. The effect may be eye-catching, but it also might be blinding and not contribute much to the wearer's popularity.

The mirror nails are said to be the inspiration of an American movie actress who predicts that her idea will catch on in Paris whether her sisters in this country follow her lead or not.

ACME PHOTO

An American Movie Actress Is Credited With a New Version of the Vogue for Glittering Fingernails, and Gets the Effects Shown in the Photograph by Attaching the Fragments of Mirrors to Her Fingertips.

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Why Lunatics Are Happier Than Sane People

Professor Mondain, Expert on Mental Diseases, Explains There Are Three Kinds of Insanity, Each of Which Makes the Victim Live in a Dream World of Joyful Illusions

Dr. Mondain's Sketch of a Cheerful, Lively and Sarcastic Maniac Who Does Not Know What Sorrow Is, Lives Only in the Present and Is Always Happy.

A Madhouse. A Painting by the German Artist, Wilhelm Kaulbach. Notice the Figure of the Smiling Man With the Cross in His Hand. Dr. Mondain Says the Smiling Maniac Is Apt to Be More Typical Than the Snarling, Struggling Demon Usually Pictured When One Thinks of a Lunatic.

Flor Intrencherado Started Out to Be an Emperor, Gathered a Quarter of a Million Philippine Followers, Bought Himself a Gold Crown, and Even After He Was Placed in an Asylum Maintained His Dreams of Sovereignty, Unaware That His Empire Was Only a Figment of His Distorted but Happy Brain.

IT IS customary to speak with pity of lunatics as suffering the worst misfortune known to humanity, but a physician with thirty years' experience of them declares that most of them are happy—much more so than sane people.

Dr. Paul Mondain, physician in the great French Insane Asylum of the Seine, which includes Paris, has published the results of his thirty years' study of this subject in an interesting book called "The Satisfied Lunatics." There are three classes of happy lunatics:

1. Those who are filled with an unshakable conviction of their own importance and ability. These include the megalomaniacs, who think they are emperors, geniuses, and so forth. They are made intensely happy by their illusions.

2. Lunatics who display what the physician calls euphoria, a continuous feeling of mental and physical well-being, not unlike, but superior to, the temporary effects of stimulants.

3. A third group who are happy because their emotional reactions are always exaggerated, displaying over every trifle the emotional pleasure which artists experience from a beautiful sunset or a well-played symphony.

These three kinds of happiness exist in a pure and lasting form in many lunatics and continue until death. It seems that their happiness is due to mental conditions underlying the normal states, conditions which come to the surface when the latter states are disordered. The doctor suggests that psychiatrists may learn how to help sane persons who are depressed by a careful study of the happy lunatics.

A visitor usually goes to a lunatic asylum with the idea that he will witness shocking sights, violence, and may even encounter dangers. But when he gets used to the surroundings he will realize that there is nothing alarming, little or no groaning or howling, but on the contrary, most of the faces express gayety or at least satisfaction. Hogarth made a famous picture satirizing the depraved habit of English fashionable women in the Eighteenth Century of visiting the great London lunatic asylum, old Bedlam, to amuse themselves. They expected to see shocking things, and did see some, but the great caricaturist, with his unfailing powers of observation, could not help showing that some of the poor lunatics were enjoying themselves immensely.

Mania, idiocy, mental debility, general paralysis, senile dementia, are common forms of insanity in which happiness is usually found.

Some lunatics display active joy, while others are in a state of satisfaction, or passive happiness. Strange to say, persons whose minds are disordered by brain tumors are conspicuous among those who show active joy. Many of them are distinctly jolly. The doctor says they exhibit a kind of childish joviality with a tendency to broad jokes and puns. This kind of joviality shows itself specially in patients with tumors of the frontal lobes of the brain.

When a doctor has to treat a patient with a "disordered mind and particularly gay and exuberant behavior," he should find out if the poor fellow has not a tumor in his frontal lobes.

The typical maniac often shows a very positive kind of joy, both in his conversation and his movements. His face wears a perpetual grin. He appears to be amusing himself. He laughs long and loudly when there is apparently nothing around him to justify it. Often he has bright eyes and a foxy expression. The excessive mobility of his face, while showing that he is amused, is one of the marks of his mental disease.

Michael Inik, an Illinois Madman, Clothed Himself in Newspapers and Went On a Murderous Rampage in the Blissful Belief That His Queer Clothing Rendered Him Bullet-proof.

The male maniac is very careful about his dress, but eccentric. The female maniac shows a tendency to be gay and immodest.

The maniac indulges in a great deal of wild talk and often breaks into snatches of song. His talk may be disconnected, but is by no means always absurd or irrelevant. On the contrary, it is often very witty and disconcerting. Sane people are often annoyed or embarrassed by the chaff they receive from lunatics. The doctor knows one maniac, who when receiving him, usually says:

"Glad to see you. Are you as stupid as ever?"

The maniac of this type thinks himself a superman. He imagines he can work with superhuman speed. He understands every problem and makes colossal plans to set the world right. But he forgets all about them the next day. He goes without reason from laughter to tears.

Nervously such a patient is overstrung. He has a lively imagination and an abnormal acuteness of perception. Words flow from him in amazing abundance. His optimism is without limits. He suffers from hyperesthesia, or excessive sensitiveness to touch. Often he has a tremendous appetite, but continues to get thin. He loses consciousness of his own identity and thinks he is someone else.

The Mad Empress Charlotte Was a Happy Lunatic Who, for Sixty Years After Her Mexican Subjects Had Executed Her Husband, Lived On in the Belief That He Was Still Living and That She Was Still Holding Court in Her Central American Palace.

Among normal people it has been observed that excessive activity of the internal secretions accompanies optimism. This is also true of the insane. Maniacs whose internal workings are lively are optimistic, while those of slothful organization become melancholiacs.

The happy maniac's mental and physical activities are amazing. He enjoys a thousand little things that would have escaped him when he was sane and that are not noticed by ordinary persons. He sees instantly the humor of things that other people will laugh at later. He is insensible to severe physical pain and injuries and does not notice whether the weather is good or bad. But his excessive activities wear him out and shorten his life.

There are a lot of people called by the doctor hypomaniacs, those who fall just short of being completely mad. They have a very lively youthful manner and are often successful in politics and society, but not in business. They make love very vivaciously.

The congenital neurasthenic is often a very lively person, full of self-satisfaction. The perfect type of this class has a smooth face, an inquisitive look, a high retreating forehead, a foolish mouth and a general bearing in which vanity and stupidity mingle.

Dope Fiends Such as This Woman Opium Smoker Are Very Often the Joyful Type of Lunatic.

The true megalomaniac is the person in whom ideas of greatness have progressed to the point of insanity. He is perhaps the most actively joyful of all lunatics. The very idea of his fictitious greatness fills him with unspeakable joy.

This type has a haughty carriage and a majestic, proud, disdainful air, like an emperor of romance. He loves to put feathers in his hat and gold braid on his coat. He sits on a throne and establishes an order of knighthood, which he distributes to his followers and which he may call "the Order of Atlantis."

In describing this type of happy lunatic the doctor evidently has in mind that strange Frenchman, Jacques Lebaudy, who proclaimed himself Emperor of the Sahara, took possession of a little corner of the Sahara with the help of his yacht, bought himself a throne and distributed titles of nobility. Lebaudy inherited an immense fortune and used most of it up in carrying out his crazy idea. Eventually, he came to America and was shot by his wife while defending herself and daughter. When you read an experienced alienist's analysis of the deep-seated joy that comes to such a man you can understand the reckless and fatal persistence with which Lebaudy carried out his mad illusion.

Often the happy maniac will confide in you that he is a great inventor. He has perhaps invented an electric fly-swatter that will quickly kill all the flies in existence and thus revolutionize the world. Such a type is full of exuberant joy. Never laugh at him, for he is likely to become violent and dangerous.

Another thinks he is a Messiah and is going to save the world from all its mistakes. Many lunatics are filled with a great romantic passion for some person entirely beyond their reach. It is usually a pure, sublime passion, entirely free from the sensual or sordid. Such a lunatic is not altogether to be pitied, for his love fills him with happiness. This kind of mania often takes possession of old maids.

A common form of insanity is known as general paralysis, because it is accompanied by that affliction. It is interesting to find that this kind of lunatic is usually very happy. His happiness is quite active and joyful in the early stage of his disease, but persists when he reaches the bedridden, when of course it is passive.

When the disease is coming on he astonishes everybody by his unaccustomed gayety and high spirits. He drinks, feasts and flirts outrageously. He often starts a new business or some other imprudent undertaking. Perhaps he indulges in philanthropy and makes gifts of money he cannot afford or does not possess. He offers his friends cars and villas on the Riviera. He invites friends to come and see his white elephants or some other absurdity. He enjoys all his extravagances and absurdities immensely and would soon ruin himself, if not taken to the asylum.

Even when he is bedridden the general paralytic often continues to be vain. He imagines that he is handsome and that women admire him immensely. He supposes he is rich and is as proud as a king. Even when he is a complete wreck, a repugnant object and at the point of death from general break-down he retains these illusions and consequently dies happy.

Among sufferers from senile dementia there is a peculiar form of happiness known as presbyophenia. Those affected by it have a recollection of their past lives, but they think everything they began has prospered exceedingly, whereas the reverse is the case. The result is complete content. They do not suffer and often live to a very old age. Many old women have this peculiar affliction.

The sufferer from senile dementia is apt to be benevolent and polished in manner and neat and clean in appearance, not untidy like the general paralytic, who of course cannot help himself. He takes great pride in his neatness, and that makes him happy. He will live to an old age if fairly well cared for. He takes pride in his age and will often exaggerate it and no good can be done by correcting him. He is often happier in his old age than sane old men, who are made unhappy by the weakness of age and the approach of death.

The joy of the toxico-maniac, or person whose mind has become deranged by drugs such as alcohol, opium, hashish, and so forth, is a peculiar object. When the drug-taking habits are being formed the victim has alternations of morbid pleasure and deep dejection, but when the habit has proceeded to the point of insanity the patient thinks that for a time he is in a state of ecstatic happiness.

The born idiot, according to the doctor, usually enjoys a state of placid happiness. Such specimens may be seen in great numbers in the streets of French towns and villages. This type generally has projecting ears, nose pushed in, a protruding underjaw and an irregular face. An inflammatory skin infection, due to neglect, often completes the unattractive make-up of his face.

It is surprising to find how happy this unfortunate creature is. When he is asked how he is, he always answers "Quite well," provided of course that he is not suffering from hunger. He has hardly any memory of the past and scarcely any hope or fear or expectation of the future. Consequently he cannot be anything but happy.

His existence is vegetative. All he wants is to be left alone, and if he gets that he is satisfied. The idiot does not have the active joy of the maniac, but he enjoys a calm happiness.

Many lunatics pass into an extraordinary state of ecstasy in which they are filled with a more than human happiness. They then feel that they are in harmony with the Creator of the universe. It is evident that they attain this condition by throwing off the artificial restraints which weigh on the minds of sane people and make them sad and dejected. This condition in the past has led many superstitious persons to believe that lunatics and idiots were under the special protection of Heaven.

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Recovered 567 Bodies From River In 49 Years

FRANK LUCKINGHAM, of East Hartford, Connecticut, marked his calendar with the stub of a pencil the other day, turned to his easy chair in the comfortable living room of his houseboat, lit his pipe, and picked up the morning paper. It was thus that he recorded the fact that he had just rounded out forty-nine of the fifty-seven years of his life in ceaseless searching for bodies of fellow beings who had died in the waters of the Connecticut River.

The mark which he placed on the date was a numeral —567. That is exactly the number of bodies he has fished out of the river in that length of time—bodies which might never have been recovered but for Luckingham's uncanny knowledge of the river, its currents, whirlpools, and beds of quicksand. For no one knows and understands the treacherous black bed of the river quite as well as he. He has made a daily study of his self-appointed and unpleasant tasks with all the care that a scientist studies the stars, or an expert studies fingerprints. He has been exploring and grappling in the river since he was eight years old, and still fresh in his memory are the grim details of the astonishing number of tragedies to which he has written "finis" by salvaging bodies.

His work has made of Luckingham a solemn, taciturn man, and it has left him comparatively poor, for the rewards of such labor are small. Promises are given rashly when his services are needed, but when he has done his work, they are often forgotten. He has averaged in all those years of ghastly labor only about $200 a year, and frequently his compensation has been in the form of tobacco or beer.

One Winter Night Luckingham Heard a Splash. He Crossed the Stream and Found a Place Where the Ice Was Broken. Two Sets of Footprints Led to It and Only One Returned. The River Had Another Victim.

The salvager of human wreckage does not find it pleasant to recall some of the sights he has seen. In forty-nine years he has run across tragedies that he will refuse to describe because of the mental distress they conjure. That is what makes him taciturn. Yet, he is a kindly man, and willing and eager always to help grief-stricken relatives of those who have sought death in the river, or who have come to their ends by accident. His disappointment, when a search fails, is as keen as that of the lost one's friends and family. It was so at the time when the authorities, who often find it necessary to request the services of the river man, enrolled him in the search for the body of Frances St. John Smith, a young college girl who had vanished. She was believed to have been drowned in the river, and if that were true, the officials knew that Luckingham would know where to look; that he would figure out the currents and the shifting of sands, the tides and the winds, and that he would look where eventually, the body must drift.

Luckingham did look, but no body was found—not at least, for several months, and then he got his charts, and calculated, and went to one of the numerous bottom-holes. When he returned, he had a skeleton which was identified by the dental work as that of the missing girl.

"Body rescuing is a gamble," he says, "a game of chance and disappointment."

Yet, never a day passes, bad weather or good, but Luckingham sets out in his boat and surveys the territory that he knows so well. He covers a fifty-mile stretch, leading into Long Island Sound. He works methodically. Every day he reads the newspapers carefully, just as he did on the day that marked his 49th anniversary in his strange life-work. Invariably he begins his search at the spot where a body is reported to have disappeared. Then he calls forth his uncanny knowledge of the currents and the floor of the river. If the body has not been snagged by a submerged object, his calculations eventually lead to success in recovery. If not, then he uses grappling irons, with which he shows remarkable skill.

In the afternoon of the day when he marked off his anniversary, he strolled to the houseboat's deck and his keen eyes—which neighbors say can see prodigious distances even on the darkest night—spotted what seemed a bit of driftwood downstream. He put out in his small boat and came back shortly with a long package. It contained a woman's furs and clothing—which Luckingham turned over to the police, whereupon another mystery was bred.

One winter night when a coating of ice had formed on the river he heard a faint splash and a cry from the opposite bank. He crossed the stream and found a spot where the ice had been broken. Leading down to the shore were the footprints of two men. Only one pair led away from the spot and Luckingham tracked them for a considerable distance into the city. The next day he dragged the river and recovered the body of a young man. The man had been pushed into the water from the dock, Luckingham told the police, but although they searched for the companion of the dead youth the mystery was never solved.

Luckingham played an important role in helping the State obtain two convictions for first degree murder, for which the slayers were hanged. In each case the murderers, after disposing of their victims, threw their revolvers into the river. They confessed and showed the police the spot where they had disposed of the weapons but the police could not recover them. Luckingham got them, with the aid of a small pair of oyster tongs, and the guns were produced in court.

Objects as small as false teeth, jewelry of all descriptions, keys and articles of clothing have been fished up by him from the river bottom. Once a yachtsman dropped four bottles of expensive whiskey in the water. Luckingham got them back for him. A great deal of his time is spent in recovering lost boats. He knows the contour of every craft on the river. Waterfront thieves have a habit of disguising stolen boats with fresh paint and new rigging but they never fool Luckingham. To his disgust the owners are nearly always satisfied with the recovery of their property and are reluctant to prosecute.

Convinced 51 Men Of Fatherhood And Baby Wasn't Hers

MARIE CHARTIERS, of Marseilles, France, has established a record for making fools out of men. She deceived 51 sailors into believing each was the father of the same baby, and obtained money from all of them for its support, although the child wasn't even hers. Arrested for wholesale fraud, she can console herself with the knowledge that police authorities at Marseilles consider her the cleverest woman they ever have encountered.

Marie was raised in a town in northern France—it must have been a dull place for one of her wit. So she went to Marseilles, which is a lively city. For a while, she was just about the busiest person in that busy harbor. She evidently believed that if a sailor can have a sweetheart in every port, a girl has a right to a suitor on every ship.

The idea she turned into cash came to her from a Spanish sailor. His ship touched at Marseilles on its way home, and as was his custom, he called upon Marie. He was in high spirits, for he had just received a letter from home—the first in many months.

"Look at me!" he boasted. "I am now a father! Come, we will celebrate."

As the festivities progressed, Marie became thoughtful. "So this is the way it is with men!" she mused. "Then it is very simple after all!"

At first she only meant to practice one little deception. Surely it would be no great sin to intrigue one sailor into sharing his pay with her. As she saw it, a sailor hasn't much regard for his money, anyway.

But the trick worked so smoothly she couldn't resist the temptation to try it again. When it worked the second time as easily as the first, she became ambitious. If her plans hadn't been upset by the baby's real mother, there is no telling how many victims she might have added to her score.

As Soon as the Man Who Believed He Was a Father Obtained Shore Leave, He Came to the House Where Marie Would Greet Him. "Shh—," She Would Warn. "Be quiet. You'll wake up the little one."

Like many other girls in seaport towns, Marie kept up with ship news. So when the Spanish sailor's pride in fatherhood gave her an idea, she knew how to make good use of it. Right away, she thought of a lad from her own province—a simple fellow—who was on a ship that was due to arrive in a few days.

She went to a village near Marseilles, where she had a married friend with a kitchen full of children, the youngest still in his crib.

"It's too bad that the little one has no pretty clothes," she said. "Let me keep him with me in the city for a while, and I will buy him new clothes and care for him just as if he were my own."

Afterwards, in relating her version of the agreement to the police, the mother of the child said she was delighted with the proposal, and not at all suspicious. Thus, Marie became a "mother," without any particular inconvenience to herself, and when the lad she had picked to be the "father" came bounding up to her door—as soon after his ship docked as he could get shore leave—she greeted him with a "sh-s-s-sh! You'll wake up the little one."

"The what?"

"The baby—our baby, Cherie. Come, see for yourself!"

This was all very surprising to the new found "father," who did not at first seem inclined to accept his responsibility—at face value. But Marie met the crisis with one of her rare flashes of inspiration. She bent over the crib and cooed: "See how much he resembles you? For that, I adore him all the more."

Convinced that the child was his own, the sailor went with Marie to the agents of his ship, where he signed a declaration admitting paternity and authorizing an allowance to be deducted from his pay. After the first "father" had gone back to sea, Marie waylaid another former admirer, who had just completed a voyage, and bluffed him in the same way.

Then she settled down to systematic extortion. To put over her scheme in a big way, she had to be crafty. First of all, it was necessary for her to work out the time element —in each case—with care. If she slipped up on her dates, she would be trapped.

She reviewed her experience during the past year, and studied the calendar. She made out a schedule, estimating the intervals that had elapsed since the departure of various ships upon which there were sailors with whom she had been friendly. Thus she was prepared to be convincing—not only in recalling the circumstances of her last encounter with each new victim—but also in regard to the age of the child.

In the beginning, she picked as her prospective victims men who were on ships that had gone to distant ports—men whose voyages extended close on to a year. But as her ambition increased, and she sought a greater number of victims, she began to approach and accuse seamen who had been in and out of Marseilles every month or so, during the past year. That was when the game became really exciting, for she was in constant danger of getting her wires crossed.

When two or more of her victims were in port at the same time, she had to tax her ingenuity to the utmost, and be always alert, to prevent them from running into each other.

Once she had a hairbreadth escape. She was entertaining one of the child's "fathers" in her room, when another whistled to her from the street. She glanced out of the window, motioned to the man below to wait, and, turning back to the man in the room, said:, "It's my brother-in-law. My sister deserted him, and he's been drinking. If I don't go down and take him to his home, he'll get into trouble. You mind the baby until I get back."

The danger of having her fraud discovered by some one of the agents bothered her at first. So, for several months — just to be on the safe side—she was careful to pick seamen whose ships were handled by different agents. This caution, however, put too much of a restriction on the number of victims who were available. Accordingly, as she progressed with her career, she became bolder.

On several occasions, with a new victim in tow, she returned to an office where she had been before. But there are many girls in Marseilles, and agents have numerous other duties besides attending to allotments from the pay of seamen. Consequently, the agents she revisited failed to recognize her.

After her affairs became complicated, and she was as busy as a juggler, trying to prevent any two of the child's 51 "fathers" from seeing him at the same time, she neglected the one weak element in her scheme. She failed to keep the child's real mother placated.

The child's real mother thought it was generous of Marie to take the little one to the city to buy him clothes he was in so great need of. But after all, even generosity has its limits, and becomes too possessive, if allowed to run to extremes. In this case it looked as if it were about to become permanent.

At first the mother was too busy to wonder how Marie was getting along with the child. There were a lot of hungry mouths to feed, and there was interminable washing to be done. But the days became weeks, and the weeks months—and no word from Marie.

The child's mother sent a tactful message, suggesting that perhaps the child was becoming a burden and ought to be returned. But Marie was too busy maneuvering the child's "fathers" to answer. The mother sent a second message, and a third—both were ignored. The mother became alarmed.

"This will not do at all," she said. "She has let the child starve, or die of some disease, and is afraid to tell me. I will go myself and look into this."

She arrived at an inopportune time for Marie—who was entertaining one of the "fathers." She overheard the sailor on hand refer to her child as "my child." "What is this?" she demanded. "You speak of my child as your son? You call yourself the father of my child? May all the saints defend me, I never laid eyes on you before."

And then she began to scream. Neighbors were aroused —the police called. Although Marie was arrested, and confessed, it developed that under the law the 51 seamen, who had assigned allotments to her, were still liable for payments and would have to obtain exemption by individual suits in court.

Robbed Her Friends While Walking In Her Sleep

MAGISTRATES in Lymington, Hants, England, recently dismissed a case against a 20-year-old nursemaid who defended herself against a charge of being a thief by contending that money she had taken from fellow servants was taken while she was sleep-walking.

The girl, Kathleen Mabel Carpenter, was employed in the home of Captain F. W. Yateman, at a neighboring town. She was accused by a housemaid and a parlorman in the same household.

Three one-pound notes missing from a chest of drawers in the housemaid's room were found between the pages of a book on a dressing table in the nursemaid's room. A 10-shilling note missing from a chest of drawers in the parlorman's room was found in a cupboard in the servants' hall downstairs. Where this note had been, was found an electric flashlight which belonged to the nursemaid and which she used for reading at night when she could not sleep.

Up to this point, it seemed like a simple case. But the girl did not look like a thief, and even the constable who made the arrest and searched the house, had his doubts about the nursemaid being guilty. He told the court that when he searched the girl's room she helped him by shaking the books on her dressing table, and that way the three one-pound notes were discovered.

When asked what she had to say in her defense, the nursemaid replied, "Whatever money I have taken I have taken in my sleep."

The magistrates were skeptical: "In your sleep?"

In trying to prove her innocence, the nursemaid said that as a child in County Kildare, Ireland, she walked in her sleep every night for a year. Gradually she got better, but at intervals the habit returned. At a place where she was employed last year various articles were missing and afterwards found wrapped in pieces of paper in the bottom of a dustbin.

The magistrates began to be impressed.

Then the nursemaid's aunt, Annie Elizabeth Wiffen, testified that while visiting her, the girl had removed articles from her room while asleep, wrapped them in paper and afterwards replaced them. The magistrates were now even more impressed, and so was the parlorman. The parlorman asked permission to address the court, and told of an occasion when the nursemaid had sleepwalked into his room.

"I got hold of her by the shoulders," he said, "turned her around, led her into her own room and shut the door. She did not say a word the whole time and was sound asleep."

The nursemaid said this was news to her, and that she had no recollection of entering the parlorman's room.

After deliberating for some time, the magistrates decided that the nursemaid was merely a sleepwalker instead of a thief, and dismissed the case.

Ball Game Restores Son Lost 30 Years

THIRTY years ago the little village of Petit Rocher, New Brunswick, was aroused when the baby son of Mr. and Mrs. Peter B. Arsenault was kidnaped by a band of wandering gypsies and months of search brought no trace of the missing child. For years the parents lived in hope that some day their offspring might be returned to them but long ago this hope died and the aging couple retained only memories of those early days of their married life when their infant son was their pride and joy.

For thirty years no word was heard of the missing child; gypsy bands came again to the little village down by the sea, but none of them, so they said, had seen or heard of Baby Arsenault. Then a few weeks ago the kidnaped son, now grown to manhood, came home to his parents. Adventure, hardship and cruelty were woven into the tale he had to tell, a strange and adventurous story.

It was a fine Summer afternoon in 1904 when Mrs. Arsenault, tucking her first-born into his crib in the kitchen, went out into the garden to tend her plants. She had heard sinister stories of the gypsies who were then camping in a field nearby but she had no fear that they would enter her home while she was in the garden.

When her gardening work was done, and she returned to the kitchen to prepare the evening meal, she found the crib was empty and her child gone. For a time she thought a neighbor might have taken the baby out in the sun but when the hours had dragged past she called her husband in from the fields and told him the baby had vanished. Arsenault seized a shotgun and ran across the fields to the gypsy camp, but when he arrived there he found the picturesque nomads had gone and there was every indication that they had left in haste. The police of the village and

Father Plourde Found the Birthmark Above the Man's Eye, and Promptly Accompanied the Son, Lost Thirty Years, to the Home Where the Mother Sat Awaiting Him. A Ball Game Had Brought Him Back.

the provincial officers were notified and the hunt for the wandering gypsies began. But after months of fruitless effort it was abandoned and the child was given up as lost.

Last year, 29 years after the baby's disappearance, a baseball team came to Petit Rocher from Bonaventure, Quebec, across the Baie de Chaleur, to play a friendly game with the village team. The weather was not very good at the time and as the game had to be postponed the visiting players were billeted in the homes of the villagers.

It was a result of this baseball team's visit that the Arsenaults' son was returned to his parents and the thirty-year-old mystery solved.

The night before the game the visiting players and the home team gathered for an entertainment at one of the villagers' homes and during the evening many tales were told of mysteries and adventure. One of the highlights of the evening's talk was the narration by one of the Petit Rocher players of the disappearance of the Arsenault baby.

"He disappeared from his crib in 1904," he said, "and has never been seen nor heard of since. Perhaps today he is a gypsy king."

One of the visiting Bonaventure ball players listened intently to the tale and as he heard the details he remembered having heard of a man at St. Elzear, a small village on the Quebec side of the Bay, who had been adopted several years before by a couple called Joncas. The adopted son, he remembered, could not recall any of the circumstances of his early childhood and did not know who his parents were, where he had been born or what his age was.

As the Petit Rocher story-teller completed his tale the visitor broke in with his sequel and the mother of the missing boy was hastily sent for. She listened to the athlete's story and was finally convinced that here at last, after three decades, was the first clue that might lead to the restoration of her kidnaped son.

A devout Catholic, she used the greatest medium she knew—the church— to help her in this final effort to recover her baby, and wrote a long letter to Father Plourde, the parish priest at St. Elzear, telling him the whole story and asking him to help her in her quest. Over her son's right eye, she recalled, there was a birthmark which might serve as identification.

Father Plourde took up the case immediately, going at once to see the adopted son of the Joncas family. To his astonishment he found that young Joncas indeed bore a birthmark over the right eye. Further communications took place between the priest and the two families and, finally, convinced that the young man was the missing son of the Arsenaults, Father Plourde accompanied him to Petit Rocher. Here he was identified by his parents and other relatives as the son who had been stolen 30 years before.

At home once more, the long-lost son had a strange story to tell. His earliest childhood recollections carried him back to the age of five or six. He was traveling in a train, he remembered, and was being cruelly treated by the people in whose charge he was. At the first stop he had jumped down from the train and run away. There some sailors had picked him up and he was taken to sea aboard a schooner. He had been sailing the sea for almost twenty years and was known as Bill Knockton.

A few years ago, tiring of seafaring life, Bill Knockton had left his ship at St. Elzear and had made his home there with the Joncas family who later received him as their adopted son. And there he would probably have continued the rest of his days had it not been for the postponed baseball game in Petit Rocher last year.

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$50,000 for Ransom But Not One Cent for Alimony

Wealthy Mrs. Charles Rosenthal Was Willing to Buy Her Son Back From Kidnapers, but She Will Not Buy Him Back From His Wife

The Three Downcast Persons in This Picture Were Arrested in Connection With the Rosenthal Kidnaping. The Girl, Bettina Green, Was Charged With Having Been the One Who Took Rosenthal to a Secluded Spot Where the Rest of the Gang Abducted Him. With Her Are Nick Green and Jack Blumenthal, All of Them Looking as Though They Wished They Had Never Heard of Charley Rosenthal.

Charley and Lorna Were Happy Together When This Picture Was Taken a Short Time After He Was Released by His Abductors, Only to Be Kidnaped by Cupid.

Pretty Mrs. Lorna Fried Rosenthal Was the "Girl Next Door" and a Childhood Romance With Young Charley Rosenthal Culminated in a Marriage Shortly After His Kidnaping, Despite the Fact That It Was Revealed in Court That Her Sweetheart Had Been Lured to the Scene of His Abduction by a Pretty Woman.

Mrs. Nellie Rosenthal, Mother of the Kidnaped Victim, and Her Daughter Babette, Spent $50,000 to Get Him Back, but the Family Purse Strings Opened Once to Crooks Will Not Be Opened to Charley's Former Wife.

Young Rosenthal Heard Music Played in a Nearby Night Club Until Early Morning Hours While He Was Held a Prisoner by the Kidnapers. With This as a Clue, Detectives Tracked Down the Abductors' Hiding Place in New York's Harlem, Shown in the Picture Above.

THE very wealthy Mrs. Charles M. Rosenthal paid $50,000 to ransom her handsome son Charley from kidnapers.

Yet now the rich mama refuses to pay a cent of alimony to ransom the same youth from an unhappy marriage. So young Mrs. Rosenthal, who wants $400 a month, can't understand mother love at all, though she herself is the mother of twins. It is reported that Charley made his wife a sporting proposition to play double or quits with her, by any game of chance she might choose, to see whether he would pay her $800 a month or nothing.

The young wife is said to have refused, and who can blame her? At the trial of the kidnapers it was brought out that during the seventeen days Charley was held captive, he played pinochle with them and won $53,000. At this ruinous rate he would soon have won the full amount of his $100,000 ransom, they would have had to let him go free, and probably owing him money. So the "snatchers" were glad to accept $50,000 and get rid of him.

No, Charley is too lucky. If he ever gets his wife to sit into a little friendly game, it will probably end with her owing him alimony. She is not going to make the mistake the kidnapers did over the ransom. Of course, marriage and kidnaping are not the same, and therefore alimony is not technically a ransom, though the results to the victim are much the same. One is confined illegally in a secret hideaway with goggles taped over his eyes, the other confined legally in the public jail until somebody pays over the money.

To young Mrs. Lorna Fried Rosenthal, this policy of thousands for ransom but not one cent for alimony seems cruelly unfair. The elder Mrs. Rosenthal was bequeathed $3,000,000 by her husband—didn't she want her daughter-in-law to get anything at all? Lorna's and Charley's was one of those beautiful, childhood romances, beginning when the two families were neighbors in Lawrence, Long Island, and Lorna's father was the Mayor of the town. During the kidnaping, the girl next door was constantly consoling the distracted mother during those dreadful seventeen days when Mrs. Rosenthal never knew whether her boy had been murdered or was about to be.

At the trial of the kidnapers Lorna sat with Charley and heard how a pretty girl had called the young man on the telephone and, as an utter stranger, led him into the hands of the "snatchers." Had Charley been old, poor and unattractive, there might have been some excuse but for a young, handsome man, heir to a million dollars and at that time a Wall Street stockbroker to "fall for a blind date" on the telephone was inviting some sort of disaster from murder to matrimony. What sort of husband would such an easily-led man make? Charley's face was red as he listened, but love was blind to all that and Lorna showed she forgave this strange infidelity to their engagement by promptly marrying him.

She may well have weighed against such weakness the young man's fine courage in appearing as chief witness against the gang. He faced not only the threats of getting "bumped off" if he told the truth but the certainty of being blackened as much as possible in court. Sure enough the gangsters tried to put their victim in the most contemptible light possible. They said that it was only a fake kidnaping, that Rosenthal had gotten them to pretend they were holding him for ransom in order to extort $100,000 from his mother, of which he was to get part. There was no evidence to substantiate this fantastic story and probably nobody believed it, certainly not the jury.

Having had this enlightening experience with the thorns which beset the primrose path, Mr. Rosenthal's eagerness to settle down and live the 100 per cent domestic life, seemed most reasonable. One of the proverbial joys of matrimony is supposed to be a fine big family to fill the home with sunshine. On this theory if Lorna had failed to fill the Rosenthal mansion with the music of little offspring, it might have been understandable if he lost interest, after a while.

But Lorna was guilty of no such neglect. Within less than a year she presented her husband with a lovely pair of twin girls, twice as much as he had any right to expect. At this rate young Mr. Rosenthal might almost hope to fulfill the ancient Chinese ambition of having his grave watered by the tears of a hundred sons. Yet, strange to relate, the twins were hardly old enough to focus their eyes on their handsome papa when this romance blew up.

The other day the facts were brought to light in the City Court of New York before Judge Joseph W. Keller when Lorna brought suit on an agreement Charley made with her on July 24, 1933, wherein he promised to pay her $400 a month for the support of herself and their twin daughters, 18 months old. He was $1,800 in arrears and she got a judgment for that amount. It was awarded by Justice Keller. Rosenthal's personal attorney, Edward Nathan, of No. 39 Broadway, immediately announced he would take an appeal.

This is the same lawyer who conducted negotiations for paying the ransom, a difficult and dangerous game in which he tried to turn over the money in such a way that the police would be on hand to snatch the snatchers. In the end the kidnapers outsmarted both the lawyer and the authorities, getting safely away with the money, only to betray themselves later. Attorney Nathan appealed to the police on the ransom, too, and they recovered over $16,000 of it. Lorna's lawyer was her brother, Walter J. Fried, of the firm of Riegelman, Hess & Hirsch, who won this first round over his brother-in-law.

In her complaint Lorna stated that they were married on February 10, 1932, and separated in July 1933, entering into the agreement in dispute on July 24, 1933. She charged that from January 1, 1934, to June 1, 1934, she received only $200 from him. Hence the $1,800 suit. In his answer Rosenthal made a general denial of her charges, admitting, however, that he did make an agreement to pay her $400 a month. For a first defense he set forth:

"The agreement was part and parcel of an agreement and arrangement between the parties whereby defendant agreed to execute the agreement if plaintiff would agree to obtain a divorce, that the agreement to obtain the divorce was a condition to the agreement, that the agreement was entered into for the purpose of securing a divorce and was accepted by the plaintiff (Mrs. Rosenthal, Jr.) as consideration for her agreement to obtain divorce.

"That the agreement had for its object the procurement of a divorce and was and is illegal and against public policy and void. The truth of the fact is that the securing of a divorce was the purpose of this separation agreement. It was distinctly understood and agreed that my wife would obtain a divorce and that I would not oppose it if the separation agreement were signed and if I made the payments."

Though most everybody seems to be doing it, it is legally all wrong, to make a deal with one's spouse to get a divorce and Lorna replied:

"The allegations of the affirmative defenses are absolutely untrue. It is true that the possibility of a divorce at some future time was in the minds of the parties as is evidenced by the very terms of the separation agreement itself.

"I also signed another document wherein it is provided that in the event I should at any time in the future bring an action for divorce, the counsel fees and court fees to be paid by the defendant should in no event exceed $500. This, too, can certainly not be regarded as an agreement to obtain a divorce but is simply a provision for a contingency that may occur.

"I have absolutely no income of my own and I am dependent for my own support and the support of my twin daughters on the payments to be made by my husband. He is fully aware of my dependence and is endeavoring by dilatory tactics to force me to accept an unfavorable settlement."

As usual it was a disadvantage in court to be under suspicion of having money and Charley, like his wife, protested that he had less than none at all. He says:

"At the time of the separation agreement I was a partner in a stock brokerage firm. Since January 1, 1934, my association with that firm has terminated and I have been unemployed and without any income. I have debts of over $100,000."

Therefore, he is not only among the unemployed but has $100,000 in debts, presumably due to hard-hearted creditors who repress his desires to pay them off at pinochle. The reason that a young man can be so rich and yet so broke is that Charley is not a millionaire but a million-heir. His father, the late Charles M. Rosenthal, Sr., accumulated something over $3,000,000, mostly through real estate operations.

Mr. Rosenthal's will left nearly everything to his widow, to enjoy the income from the three million for life, but the principal to be divided equally among the three children of whom Charles was one. Thus he has $1,000,000 coming to him some day but it won't be until his mother's death. So the elder Mrs. Rosenthal is not responsible for ransom, alimony or any other debts her son may incur whether legal or illegal.

The capture of the kidnapers was due to the memory and presence of mind of a paying teller of the Harriman National Bank of New York. The snatchers had released their captive and gotten away with the money, leaving the police without a clue, until one of them, Marcus Blumenthal, alias Big Markham, decided to break a $500 bill at that bank. The teller remembered its number as on the police list of bills in the ransom money. Keeping the big gangster in conversation, the teller had others telephone the police who interrupted the chat.

Big Markham confessed, implicating three other members of the gang, Nicholas Rutigliano, manager of the Hotel Vendig, No. 120 West 47th Street; Isidore Adinolfi and Albert Sileo, as well as Bettina Green, octoroon decoy. They also confessed. At the trial, all but the girl repudiated their confessions, as usual, saying that they had been extorted by beatings. Unfortunately for the gang, those confessions seem to have been quite accurate and were confirmed by testimony of the victim, the decoy, who turned State's evidence and by other testimony. The four men received sentences of sixty years each which will keep them out of temptation for a while.

The decoy lady said that Big Markham had told her that Rosenthal was avoiding him because he owed Markham a lot of money. If she would just lead Charley where Markham could have a private talk with the young man, she would be rewarded with several thousand dollars "commission." Knowing how hard debts are to collect these days she thought this reasonable and with the aid of some names of Charley's Philadelphia friends, made a date with him on the telephone.

After visiting a night club, he took his new friend home in a taxi. The "home" proved to be an empty house near the Polo Grounds. While she was pretending to ring the bell the kidnapers in their car drove up and called to her. Betty ran down the steps, telling Charley that he must meet her friends.

The trusting youth dismissed his taxi, was introduced to the kidnapers who threw him to the floor of their car, taped his eyes and kept him prisoner in a dingy room at No. 68 West 144th Street, for seventeen days. The fascinating Betty, reading in the papers that Rosenthal had been kidnaped, protested to Markham against such "rough stuff." But the boys told her to shut up and mind her business unless she wanted to play the leading role in a Bronx funeral. Having no such ambitions, Betty remained silent until persuaded by the police of the beauty of truthfulness when caught with the goods.

Though Mama Rosenthal doesn't have to pay her son's alimony, what will she do, if her daughter-in-law should put Charley in the alimony jail? It has been done before.

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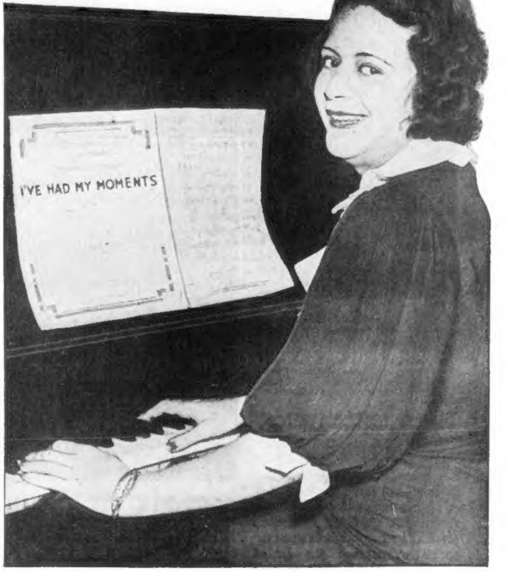
26-Year-Old Virginia's 6 Husbands

Each Lasted, on the Average, for Five Months, but No. 6 (the Latest As This Page Goes to Press) Optimistically Insists With Her That the First Five Were Only Stepping Stones to Their Perfect Romance

Virginia at the Beach.

The First and the Last—(Or Better, Perhaps, Latest) of Virginia's Husbands. At the Left, With Mr. Asa J. Patterson, Husband No. 1; and at the Right, With Her Present Husband, Mr. Arthur J. Cogswell.



Mrs. Virginia Overshiner-Patterson-Stark-Seeger-Gilbert-Kahn-Cogswell in a Musical—and Reminiscing—Mood.

Mr. Robert J. Kahn, Husband No. 5, and the Only One Who Was Assessed Alimony—and Wouldn't Pay It.

"I am going to get well now, nurse!" Virginia Convalescing From a Heart Attack Showing Her Stimulating Divorce Decree from Husband No. 3.

MRS. VIRGINIA OVERSHINER-PATTERSON-STARK-SEEGER-GILBERT-KAHN-COGSWELL is only 26 years old; yet she has been married six times; all six husbands are still alive and kicking and all are divorced or annulled, except the very latest one whom she has only just wedded.

The longest any of Virginia's husbands lasted was one year, the shortest, one week. Their average duration is five months. Mr. Arthur J. Cogswell, the present legal holder of Virginia's heart and hand, knows all these alarming statistics about his six-time bride but faces the future unterrified. To him she is like one of those championship loving cups which not only have to be won in the first place but successfully defended against all comers, year after year, before the treasure becomes a permanent possession.

Mrs. Cogswell remembers each and all of her previous husbands distinctly and has explained to Mr. Cogswell why it was not her fault that she had to go that eminent marrier Peggy Hopkins Joyce one better (or worse) in her pursuit of happiness. As Virginia remembers it, the chief defects in her various husbands were as follows:

No. 1 drank too much.

No. 2 drank too much.

No. 3 was perfect but she didn't love him, as a young wife should.

No. 4 had rough and rude friends.

No. 5 was mean.

No. 6 was satisfactory when this page went to press.

Virginia says that she is no gold-digger and proves it by the astounding fact that in shedding all those husbands she has never asked for a cent of alimony. However, divorce courts are so accustomed to awarding some sort of purse to the winners of the matrimonial bouts they referee, that a Florida court, apparently from force of habit, inadvertently set her down in the decree for $25 a week from husband number five.

This modest, legal windfall, spread over five hubbies, averaged only five dollars per week, per husband. This is below the scale, code, sentiment or whatever it is that governs these romantic indemnities. How can women be expected to keep on marrying and divorcing men unless there are better prospects of profit? But Virginia, champion marrier and divorcer though she is, has not been able to collect even this matrimonial dole.

Number five, instead of paying even a token on the debt, contested the award in court. He is the one she considers mean and she thinks the same about the wife he divorced to marry Virginia because that lady has gotten after Mrs. Cogswell with an alienation-of-affections suit. All things considered, Mrs. Cogswell is somewhat like Mr. Primo Carnera, recent heavyweight champion of the world, who seems to have gotten nothing out of all his battles.

The log of Virginia Overshiner's series of matrimonial shipwrecks begins back in the Spring of 1924 when she married Asa J. Patterson, the scion of a good and prosperous Atlanta family. She was sixteen then and lived with her folks in the same city. Virginia was not without social standing, herself because her paternal grandfather was James M. Overshiner, first president of the American Tin Plate Company from the factories of which the Leeds fortune came.

"I loved Mr. Patterson very much," says the now Mrs. Cogswell, "but the first thing, on our honeymoon, he got very drunk to celebrate. That, I knew, was the way some people have of celebrating everything, but there is a time limit. They are supposed to sober off on the fifth of July. Christmas revelers are thrown out along with withered wreaths soon after New Year's, and even Lent does not last forever.

"When my husband's wedding celebration continued into its third month, I began to complain and when it crept around to our first anniversary, almost uninterrupted except for a few lucid intervals while recuperating in sanitariums, I reluctantly divorced him, on the grounds of habitual cruelty and intoxication. I did not ask for alimony and did not get any."

Virginia went a whole year unmarried and then, on a boat from New York to Savannah, met Ivan G. Stark, resident of Chicago, but born in France, and with something of the foreign grand manner. It was love at first sight, causing Virginia Overshiner-Patterson to be on her honeymoon two weeks later, looking down upon a peaceful world from the top of Lookout Mountain.

The young lady had heard that lightning never strikes twice in the same place (which happens not to be true), so it did not occur to her that there was much danger of history repeating itself on her. When she described the alcoholic behavior of her first husband to Mr. Stark, he looked properly pained. As far as the honeymoon was concerned he had been reasonably sober. Not until they moved into a lovely apartment on Chicago's South-shore Drive did the Demon Rum intrude himself. Virginia says that not only did the second husband follow in the staggering footsteps of the first but added several embellishments of his own.

One of the alarming symptoms of too much alcohol is that it makes some people tell the truth. The young woman who was then Mrs. Stark states that her second husband, while in his cups, frankly evinced his fondness for other women. After four months of this she issued an ultimatum that he would have to give up this wine-and-women stuff, or her.

His reply, she says, was evasive and consisted of a punch over one eye and under the other. It did not ease the sting any, she states, when he referred to the pair of resulting black eyes as "an overshiner and and undershiner." Worse even than this was his alleged explanation that he had only married her because he thought she had a lot of money. The courts granted an annulment on the grounds of physical cruelty. As before, no quarter was asked or given in the way of alimony.

The young divorcee was more discouraged right then than at any time in her whole matrimonial career and decided to give the whole thing up. It looked as if she were a pet victim of John Barleycorn, almost as if her charming young face made husbands thirsty or something. Mrs. Stark studied at the Chicago Academy of Design thinking that a career as an interior decorator would be more peaceful. Bootleggers have been called "interior decorators" but of course Virginia meant to be the kind that wishes "period" furniture on people.

On a visit to her parents in Atlanta, however, the well-to-do, scholarly and elderly figure of Mr. Charles Francis Seeger presented itself as a possible answer to a lady's prayer.

"Mr. Seeger," Virginia recalls, "was old enough to be my father and he had loved me since I was a child in my teens. He had been divorced from his first wife and, now that I was grown up and he was free to declare his love, he pleaded with me to make him the happiest man in the world by becoming Mrs. Seeger."

Mr. Seeger was one of the most respected men in the community. From babyhood, Virginia had admired him and considered him the nicest man she had ever met. In fact, he was without a flaw. Mrs. Stark's idea in giving up matrimony had been the fear of another "plastered" husband. Here was a man who never drank, and since he never broke a promise she could rely on his word that he never would. Everyone considered his judgment sound so when he assured her that the difference in their ages would make no difference in their happiness she did not question it.

Virginia became Mrs. Patterson-Stark-Seeger before she realized that she had overlooked one tremendous trifle. It was no mistake that she respected, admired and liked her third husband more than anyone else but it so happened that, in spite of all his good points, she did not love this blameless old gentleman, as a young wife should. After just one month, she left a note of explanation and, with tears streaming down her face, ran away to Chicago.

Mr. Seeger was heartbroken and his plight was sad indeed. A worthless, dissolute husband has a chance to win back a runaway wife by reforming some of his most outrageous habits but poor Mr. Seeger, being already perfect, could not possibly improve himself. Yet, for six months, he tried to woo her back by love-letters, telegrams, candy, flowers and other gifts. But his campaign was unsuccessful and, early in 1930, he reluctantly agreed to let Virginia get a divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. Mrs. Patterson-Stark-Seeger would not, of course, think of accepting any alimony. Her quest was for love, not money. Virginia had broken that liquor hoodoo, but she felt so badly over breaking at the same time the heart of such a good man that she thought seriously of entering a convent. Instead she entered an Atlanta department store, working there three years, without matrimony or other troubles.

Then came an urge to visit New York. The former Miss Overshiner thought this was ambition for a bigger job, but it was only fate leading her into the matrimonial ring for her fourth and thus far, her shortest bout of all. By this time the young woman was not so much afraid of an alcoholic as another loveless marriage. A man named Albert Gilbert knocked that dread out of her head.

The road to a man's heart may be through his stomach but to a woman's the straight, paved highway is through her ear, in the form of flattery. Mr. Gilbert was a photographer whose business was to take pictures of lovely ladies and some that weren't quite so lovely. He proved his love by telling Virginia that she was the most beautiful woman in all his exceptional experience and besides the flattery he had a charming, masterful way which photographers, dentists, brush salesmen and other handlers of women, frequently acquire.

With a soul full of hope Virginia marched fearlessly up to the duly-authorized person and said the fatal words for the fourth time. The following one week was so awful that Virginia tries to forget it like a brief nightmare. All she will say is that Number 4 had rough, tough and terrifying friends who swarmed over their home. She was so scared that when her clothes and jewelry began to disappear, she declares, she dared not let anyone see that she even noticed it. After just seven days, she packed what was left and flitted.

Another divorce with nothing said about alimony or even returning the missing clothes and gems was planned and for the next two or three months Mrs. Patterson-Stark-Seeger-Gilbert managed to eke out a living as a model in a dress manufacturing establishment and then, at a cocktail party, she met Robert J. Kahn. She heard, in one way and another, that Mr. Kahn was a relative of the late wealthy Otto Kahn and that he had made a million or more as a meat packer.

Mr. Kahn's store of worldly goods of course had nothing to do with Virginia's eventual surrender to his whirlwind courtship, as she calls it. Money, as she often points out, means nothing to her. All she asks of life is a good man, happiness and, as a setting for that uncommon condition, a cottage by the sea with a white picket fence and a youngster running around the house.

The fifth marriage brought an entirely new deal in troubles. She was sure that a rich man always got the best kind of divorce and supposed it was all right when Mr. Kahn arranged and financed one of those 30-day Mexican divorces to eliminate Mr. Gilbert legally as well as sentimentally.

"We set out on a motor trip for the West Coast," said the girl, who, with her fifth marriage, had pulled up even with Peggy Joyce, "and everything was perfect until we got to Hollywood. I didn't mind very much when my husband insisted on looking up a movie star with whom I had often heard his name linked. But I did mind when, back in Chicago, he refused to introduce me as his wife.

"When I demanded to know why, he was very mysterious and muttered something about business reasons and that I'd have to trust him. In New York he parked me with his family instead of registering at a hotel and later, in Miami, he insisted that I take a separate room in the hotel and use the name of Seeger instead of Kahn."

That was too much. Mrs. Kahn wouldn't do anything like that to nice Mr. Seeger, and knew that she was sinking not for the third, but the fifth time.

"Well, I got myself a job in Miami, as a saleslady, and returned to New York only when my husband had agreed to pay my living expenses," said Virginia. "But he forgot that it takes money to live in New York, or anywhere else, and when I reminded him that he hadn't lived up to his agreement he wrote, 'I'm out of New York State and what are you going to do about it?' "

Mrs. Kahn made her answer through the court in Miami. The ground for this divorce was infidelity. Mr. Kahn did not contest the suit and he was ordered to pay his ex-wife $25 a week alimony.

When he neglected to pay this, week after week, Virginia became annoyed, got herself a lawyer and asked the courts in New York to make him remit. It was on the heels of this action that Mrs. Katherine Kahn—of whom Virginia swears she never had heard up to then—sued Virginia for $100,000 for alienating Mr. Kahn's affections. And that wasn't all. Katherine Kahn also prayed the court to annul Virginia's marriage to Mr. Kahn because, said she, Kahn had fraudulently procured his divorce from her back in 1928.

And now, in response to the wedding bells, she comes up for the sixth round, with Mr. Cogswell who has been married once before and had lots of other experience as war aviator, cowboy and advertising man. But, above all, he is and always was, like Virginia, an optimist.

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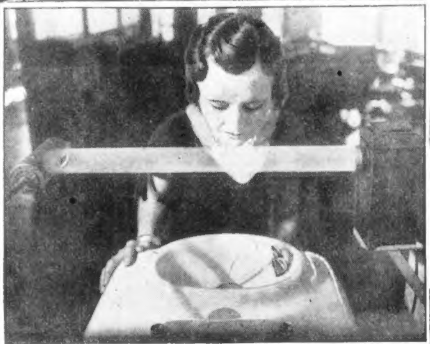
Like Aladdin's Magic Genie

The New Photo-Electric Rifle Range, Noiseless and With No Stray Bullets to Do Damage. When the Trigger Is Pressed a Light Ray Shoots Out of the Gun. If the Aim Is Accurate, the Light Ray Enters the Photo-Electric Cell on the Wall and Rings a Gong. General Electric Company Photo.



Automatic Sanitary Drinking Fountain. An Inconspicuous Light Ray Crosses Above the Basin From the Lamp on the Reader's Right Into the Photo-Electric Cell. As a Person's Head Is Lowered Toward the Water Nozzle, the Light Ray Is Intercepted and the Momentary Shading of the Photo-Electric Cell Turns on the Water.

Dr. Caldwell, Past President of the New York Electrical Society, Is Shown Pointing to the Rear Window of His Car, in Which He Has Installed an Electric Eye. This Eye Watches, and When It Becomes Dark Turns on the Parking Lights. When Daylight Returns This Watchful Eye Turns Off the Lights.

When Aladdin Rubbed the Magic Lamp the Genie Appe[illegible] Electrical Genii Trained So That They Perform [illegible] (From Painting by [illegible]

Photograph Showing How a Burglar Approaching the Baby's Crib at Night Is Suddenly Illuminated and His Photograph Taken Before He Realizes What Has Happened.

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ALADDIN, in the Arabian Nights story, rubbed his magic lamp and a powerful genie appeared, ready to obey Aladdin's command. But Dr. Orestes H. Caldwell, a modern electrical wizard, has in some respects outmatched the fabled achievements of Aladdin and his two genii.

These were a couple of remarkable servants yet, for Aladdin to get any service out of them, he had to carry around the lamp and ring and rub them and then, when the genii appeared, give them orders. Dr. Caldwell, former United States Radio Commissioner and president of the New York Electrical Society, has his electrical genii better trained than that.

After he has gone to bed in his electrical home near New York, he can wave a hand and an unseen power lifts the bedroom window. In the morning, while the master sleeps, another invisible slave, without a word or even a gesture of command, remembers to close the window half an hour before rising time. When Dr. Caldwell drives up to his garage, the doors are opened by unseen hands. Other doors open, even if he approaches them silently. A sanitary drinking fountain starts to flow as soon as it sees him bending over and stops when he straightens up. A genie whispers to him from his pillow if he cannot sleep, another starts cooking breakfast before anyone is up and still another presses his trousers while the doctor sleeps. If a kidnaper should visit the house, he would hear a shriek from one of the watchful genii that sits all night on the window sill.

Most of this "magic" is worked by means of the photo-electric cell. These cells can be arranged so they will turn on or turn off an electric current when a beam of light falls on them or if anything casts a shadow on them. Near Dr. Caldwell's bed is one of these cells with a small electric lamp casting a tiny beam of light into it. When he waves a hand between the lamp and the cell, the shadow causes the cell to demagnetize a switch, which drops, making a contact that sends a current through a motor which lifts the window three inches. Dr. Caldwell gives another wave and gets another three inches, keeping it up until the window is open enough to suit him.

On cold mornings he wants somebody to close that window for him, half an hour before he gets up, so he will have a warm room to dress in. Waving a hand would be too much trouble because he would have to wake up to do even that, so a clock is entrusted with the job of making the motor shut the window at the right time. That is something Aladdin's genii could not have done because they did not carry watches and their ideas of time must have been vague.

Dr. Caldwell's window closing and opening devices are not at the moment perfected to suit him. He regards his appliances as rather crude in comparison with what he plans to do as soon as he gets a little time. He intends to have an electrical "finger" sticking out into the night air, on the alert to open or shut the window more or less according to the temperature. Another hygroscopic finger, as sensitive to water as a cat, will shut the window the moment it starts to rain in. That, he thinks, would be real window service.

When the time comes for the master to arise, a clock is ready to set off electric chimes. This is all right provided the rest of the family are willing to get up at the same time. If not, the summons sounds softly in his own bedroom and may be in the form of music from most any corner of the earth. The house is full of radio receiving sets, some of them tuned permanently on short wave lengths of far distant stations. A clock turns on one of these already-tuned stations and in come faint strains of music from Japan or China.

It has been discovered that dull programs, played softly, will sometimes put insomnia victims to sleep when all else fails. Dr. Caldwell, dropping into a pleasant nap before his set, might be sharply and unpleasantly awakened by shrieks and pistol shots as the program changed to a detective melodrama. Most people who have had this experience don't know what to do about it, but not Dr. Caldwell—he invented a "dozo-dyne."

The "dozo-dyne" prevents such shocks by a photo-electric cell and an inconspicuous light beam crossing just in front of the head of the person who is listening. If the listener drops asleep his head falls forward and casts a shadow on the photo-electric cell. This cell promptly turns off the radio receiver and keeps it turned off until the listener awakes.

To take full advantage of radio's sleep-compelling powers, Dr. Caldwell has constructed a pillow which can be connected with any of his sets. The programs sound in the pillow, plenty loud enough for the ear placed on it but not for anyone else to hear, even in the same room.

A sleepless person can listen until he falls asleep and then somebody ought to shut it off for him. This is easily done. If he will hold his hand over the side of the bed in a certain position, the moment he falls asleep his hand will relax, drop through a beam of light casting a momentary shadow on another of those cells, prompting it to shut off the radio.

If Aladdin were alive today and had his sleep murdered by one of those selfish louts who delight in roaring their loudspeakers at night, he would send a genie to ring the radio-rowdy's neck. Unfortunately Dr. Caldwell has not yet perfected an electrical genie able to perform that public benefaction.

It would be possible to make one of his electric slaves draw a bath for him and have it exactly the right temperature at the right moment, but this happens to be one of the chores of life that the electrical wizard is still willing to do for himself. It was long ago discovered that servants in the house were something of a care and responsibility and so are some of these electric ones—they are so exactingly punctual.

In the kitchen, at the exact moment at which he set the clock the night before, the electric percolator starts, runs for a specified time and stops. So does the electric toaster and water for boiling eggs starts to heat on the electric stove. But if the master fails to come down on time, these inexorable servants let the coffee and the toast get cold and the water for the eggs will boil away.

However, the inventor does not intend to stand for such high-handedness much more. For one thing, he intends to set his photo-electric genie on the cooking job. There is no reason why it can't shut the percolator off not after a certain number of minutes, but when the coffee has reached a certain shade of brown, and the same with the toast, which can then be tumbled into an electrically warmed basket.

The doctor climbs into trousers which have been electrically pressed all night and takes his hat and coat from an electric brusher and is ready to go to town. Pressing a button rings chimes in the garage, which cause a human employe to deliver the car at the door. Were there any need to do so, the car could be called merely by speaking into a microphone, which automatically would start the engine, open the garage doors and drive the empty car up to the front door, in much the same way as "Casey Jones," the automatic engineer developed a few years ago by the General Electric Company so that a toy electric train was made to stop, start, back up and so on by words spoken into an ordinary telephone.

Once in his automobile, Dr. Caldwell starts for the city. As he drives out toward the main highway past his house, an invisible gate-keeper gets busy turning on a red lamp on the highway to warn careless motorists that somebody is coming out of the driveway.

Just like any other commuter, Dr. Caldwell drives to the suburban railway station, leaving his car parked with all the others. Late that afternoon he realizes that he has missed the 5:15 and that it is getting dark. He decides to stay in town for the evening. A modern Aladdin, under these circumstances, would reach for the old lamp or the ring and summon the genie. When the giant appeared probably the stenographer would fall from her chair in a faint. But, anyway, he could give the genie the key to the locked car, telling him to fly out to the country and turn on the lights before some cop could give him a ticket. By the time the genie got back, the stenographer would probably be conscious and ready to faint again.

The doctor can't be bothered with all that. He leaves a little assistant footman genie in the car with nothing to do but remember those lights. It consists of a small photo-electric cell which stares unobtrusively all day out of a corner of the back window. As long as daylight falls on the cell it does nothing, but at dusk it starts an electric signal which pushes a switch, turning on the parking lights. In extra cold weather this cell or an equivalent device could be made to turn on the electric heat in the unattended car, either any time when the weather outside got too cold or a few minutes before Dr. Caldwell's scheduled return, so that he would have a warm car to go home in.

As he drives home on a dark winter evening, the invisible electric gate-keeper who so alertly turned on the warning lights as he left now ignores him because greeting is not his job. But another electric eye catches the first rays of his headlights as the car turns into the drive. Instantly this, the greeting genie, snaps on the lamps along the driveway and one over the front door which notifies the family.

Another eye on the garage catches the light and throws open the garage doors. This is all right ordinarily, but that particular door-opening genie is careless and will open up for anyone who flashes a light on him. Therefore, at times when the household is away, Dr. Caldwell disconnects the easygoing genie.

Another of the jobs that Dr. Caldwell proposes for himself some day when he has time is to improve this by giving the door-opening genie more sense about recognizing members of the family. There exists a set of devices by which electric and mechanical robots like this can recognize individual sounds, such as the tone of any particular automobile horn. Accordingly, what the Doctor proposes is to have one of these listening genii take charge of the garage doors when the family is away and it is feared that the seeing genie of the lights might make a mistake and let in the wrong person. Then when the Doctor's car drives up to the doors and sounds its horn, the listening genie will recognize it, open the doors and admit the traveler; but if any other horn sounds nothing will happen—unless the other horn is exactly the same as the horn of Dr. Caldwell's car, which would be extremely unlikely.

Dr. Caldwell plans still another of those photo-electric eyes on the refrigerator. When the housewife approaches with hands full of food, it "sees" her and obligingly opens the refrigerator door. However, she has to close it herself and what is more, when she is dusting or scrubbing in the vicinity and does not want the door open, it will open just the same, perhaps banging her on the knees. If a mouse understood the scheme, it could make the door open as well as anybody and it is not above the intelligence of a smart dog to boss that genie.

Once more, all this can be fixed even more conveniently and safely if Dr. Caldwell gets time to install some listening genie in the kitchen also, like the one whom he plans to put in charge of the garage. The women of the family might be taught to whistle a certain note when they wanted the refrigerator doors to open, or to pronounce a certain word in a certain tone of voice, like the famous "Open Sesame" of the Oriental tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. It is unlikely that a mouse or dog could learn this trick and be able to get at the food on unwar-

Dr. Caldwell, the Electrical Wizard, Waves His Hand in Bed and the Window Opens—And in the Early Morning, When It Is Chilly, the Window Silently Closes Itself; Refrigerator Doors Open Without Being Touched; House and Grounds Light Up as the Automobile Arrives; If a Burglar Approaches He Is Photographed—and Dozens of Other Electrical Mysteries

Dr. Caldwell Indicates With His Finger the Hidden Photo-Electric Cell in the Stone Wall Near the Gate to His Driveway—And the Photograph on the Right Shows How the Headlights of His Approaching Automobile Activate the Little Photo-Electric Cell, Which Instantly Illuminates the House and Grounds.

Dr. Caldwell's Device to Avoid Shocks by Falling Asleep in Front of a Radio Set and Waking Up Suddenly Later On When the Soothing Program Changes to a Noisy or Tiresome One. So Long as Dr. Caldwell Is Awake the Set Keeps on Playing; If He Dozes or Nods His Head the Light Beam Entering the Photo-Electric Cell on Top of the Set Is Cut Off. This Stops the Set Until Dr. Caldwell Awakes and Tunes It in Again

...and Obeyed His Commands. But Dr. Caldwell Has His ...ier Tasks Without Having to Be Told What to Do. ...Edmund Dulac.)

ranted occasions, although it would be just as easy for the experts to devise a door-opener which would open at the bark of the family dog or the mew of the family cat as well as on a poken word or whistled tone. Even letting the at or dog in or out of the house could be put in harge of a genie specially trained for the pur-...e, with corresponding savings of human steps o and from the door and of doggy or catty ratches on the door's surface

Of course the house contains numerous other ommon electrical ingenuities such as burglar arms and automatic regulation of the furnace clock and thermometer, but the kidnaping rm is unusual The kidnaper cannot get in a ndow without interfering with a tiny and al-ost invisible beam of light, thus casting a adow on one of those cells which will turn on embarrassingly loud alarm. Even more un-leasant, at the same instant there is a dazzling ash of light from one of those photographic ashlight bulbs. As the half-blinded kidnaper umbles away in the dark, he knows that his pic-ure has been taken.

In Mansfield, Ohio, the Westinghouse Com-any recently opened to the public another "elec-ic house" in which still other uses of electric ght are illustrated, as well as many of the elec-...c devices which Dr. Caldwell uses, and some ...w ones. Ray lamps of various kinds are pro-...ded in bedrooms and bathrooms. The decora-ons in the dining-room, living-room and so on an be changed from time to time, to suit dif-...rent occasions or even the different gowns of ...e mistress, merely by changing the lights afety lamps, electric burglar alarms and so on ar... provided to protect everything from thieves an... intruders

Heat may be provided electrically as well as ...t. Dr. Caldwell's home has its full quota of ...tric heaters, capable of being turned on in an ...ant to provide extra heat in chilly spots or to ...vide a few moments of heat on slightly cold ...s of Spring or Fall when it is not worth while ... operate the complete heating equipment but ...hen a little heat is pleasant. In the new elec-...ic house in Ohio some rooms have electrically ...eated walls, like the hypocaust system used by ...cient Roman emperors to make their luxurious ...llas still more comfortable; except that the em-...rors used hot air in flues buried in the walls ...l floors instead of electricity. There is also a ...odern equivalent of the silver tray on which ... genii of the Arabian Nights story brought to ...laddin and his mother the fine, piping-hot food ... which they lived after Aladdin discovered the ...nderful lamp. This is an electrically-heated ...d cart on which the warm dishes can be ...ded in the kitchen and which then is wheeled ...o the dining room so that no dish gets cold ...ile waiting to be served.

It is not recorded that Aladdin's gen i washed ... or his family's clothes for him. Probably ... merely brought brand new ones each week ... whatever mysterious stores of gold and ... and fine raiment those supernatural serv-ants were able to raid at their master's request In these days when most department stores would object to strange genii arriving every week or so to abstract clean sheets or bath towels from their stocks, the engineers who designed the electrical house did the next best thing. They devised and installed a laundry in which electric genii do the family wash at home; or at least help so greatly in doing it that the little human labor which is left might be thought of as a positive pleasure.

In Aladdin's day the genie told to assist the family washerwoman probably would have spent most of his time carrying fresh water from the nearest river, heating this in a bronze or stone kettle over an open fire, lifting around the tubs full of soap-suds or rinse water, and so on. All this is done in the new electrical house by pipes and similar devices. In the basement laundry of the house is a set of three wash-tubs arranged in what is called a "clover leaf," with the washer-woman standing at what would be the stem of the leaf and the tubs representing the three petals. This makes it easy to lift an article being washed from one tub to another; from the soap-suds, for example, into the first rinse water

All the water, hot or cold, runs in and out automatically. There is an electric drier to dry the clothes, other electric machinery to iron it A scalder or sterilizer is provided, like the germ-killing devices used in hospitals. There is even an electric starch pot, for cooking the starch solution to precisely the right strength and other characteristics needed for stiff collars or other starched articles. Not even the songs that wash-erwomen along the banks of Oriental rivers used to sing in ancient days as they washed out their baskets full of clothing against stones at the edges of the stream are forgotten, for the laundry of the Ohio electric house has a radio set of its own, so that the laundress may entertain herself while she works

Next to washing clothes, the thing that most people most dislike about housework probably is washing dishes. This is something that even Aladdin probably had to do, for it is recorded that he and his mother lived for months by selling to the goldsmiths the golden plates on which the genii brought them food. Presumably these had to be washed before the goldsmith would buy them and there is no record of the lordly genii having stooped to this comparatively menial task

The modern electric genii are less particular or more obliging, for another of the devices is a special electric dishwasher, built in underneath a part of the kitchen sink. Dirty dishes are put into this and a switch is touched. Instantly the dishes are bathed in soapy water, then in hot rinse water, finally rinsed several times with fresh water and turned out as clean and dry as though they were new. Nothing needs to be done about it except to put the dishes in and take them out. The whole sequence of operations is automatic

Standing around the kitchen are a number of small assistant genii serving as maids or kitchen boys One is ready at the touch of a switch to slice meat or cheese into paper-thin slices for sandwiches; or to cut them thicker if the master of the house happens to like his that way. Another genie has a small grinder in his hand, so that sausage meat or hamburger steak may be prepared at home. A third has charge of the ice-cream freezer, and will turn out any kind of frozen dessert that anyone wants at short notice; perhaps the most marvellous of all accomplishments to a visitor from Aladdin's time, for in those days even kings had to cool their wine with snow brought on camel back at enormous expense from the distant mountains.

Inside the oven of the kitchen range live three different genii, each with a different job. One is charged with the duty of providing the heat, by electricity whenever the oven is turned on. A second stands by with an instrument called a thermostat, to regulate this heat exactly as the cook has told this genie to do. The third has no job except to turn on a small lamp inside the oven whenever the door is opened, so that the cook can see just how well the cake or roast is getting along, without needing to take that article out in the light and look at it

Finally, the kitchen is the home of still another genie whose job is likely to be appreciated to the full by other members of the family. This is the anti-onion or anti-cabbage genie, whose duty is to keep the smells of cooking out of the rest of the house. Set in a small hole at the center of the ceiling is an electric fan which this genie operates, and which sucks out all the cooking odors before these have time to become noticeable even in the pantry or dining-room.

One of the household genii whose methods are most interesting to scientific men and engineers is the one who heats the hot water for the kitchen and bathrooms For emergencies when much hot water is needed, this gentleman possesses a powerful electric heater capable of using electricity to heat much water very quickly, but for ordinary occasions he uses what is really a hind-side-to refrigerator.

An electric refrigerator is really a kind of heat pump. By means of gas compressors and expansion chambers and other devices, it pumps heat out of the refrigerator so that the inside of it becomes cold This heat has to be disposed of somewhere, usually into the cooling water which circulates through some kinds of refrigerators or merely into the surrounding air The hot-water genie of the house has been trained to catch this heat and use it, by passing it into the hot water The result is that household hot water is expected to be supplied at less cost than usual as well as with greater constancy of supply and temperature, for the hot-water genie has a small assistant whose duty is to watch continually the temperature of the hot water in the tank and to keep this never colder than 140 degrees, Fahrenheit, and never hotter than 150 degrees.

Another genie whose work is attracting attention among the engineers, is the door opener. Photo-electric cells to open doors have been used for some time, like those which open the doors on Dr. Caldwell's garage, but this newest door-opener is not of this type. Instead, the doors between pantry and kitchen and in some similar places are sliding ones, which split down the center and vanish to each side into the wall the instant that someone approaches them. The secret is that the approacher steps on a small, imperceptible contact plate in the floor, which provides the door-opening signal. When a genie with this particular ability was wanted by the builders, they sent first for the other modern genie who opens the doors of elevators in office buildings. It is a small cousin of this one which has been installed to open the doors in the Ohio house.

Out at the front door there is another genie whose job is to listen and carry messages. When the doorbell rings, the mistress need not go herself to the door from the kitchen or laundry or wherever she is at work. Instead she merely touches a switch and is connected with the ear and voice of the little genie who dwells inside a small box close to the doorbell. She can ask the visitor's name and business; ask him in or send him away as she desires

Out in the garage is another cousin of Dr Caldwell's family of door openers; this time one who can be trained to respond to the engine of the automobile as well as to the lights or to the sound of the horn. When the automobile engine starts, this genie picks up a tiny radio wave broadcast by the engine. Instantly he opens the garage door, so that the car can roll out. As soon as the car has passed through, a touch by the driver to a small button on the automobile dashboard tells the genie to close the garage doors again. One ability of this particular genie which may end by saving many motorists' lives is to open the garage doors automatically whenever the engine starts for any reason whatsoever, so that the engine cannot be run in the garage with the doors closed; something which has killed many careless

Continued on Page 1[illegible]

Big Money By George Dilnot

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXXI.

Rescue

D[illegible]

Garry Raised His Glass. "Good luck. Here's to the Anglo-American alliance!"

[illegible] he had left to watch Haggle, and Horace himself, he had imagined would be sufficient for any contingency, particularly as they could call on the local police. He had notified the county Chief Constable [illegible] the assistance [illegible] had not gone into detail.

[illegible] and his [illegible] finding of Horace's deserted car with traces of blood on one of the seats, had [illegible] concerned him. He had found the castle sealed with the drawbridge up, and could get no response to his shouts.

"The place looked as dead as mutton," he said. "Frankie and the lads I had with me were eager to swim the moat and force an entrance but it didn't look good to me. With the probability of the whole of the gang, armed and [illegible] being inside I was not [illegible] to throw away lives.

[illegible] if anyone left [illegible] direction. Then [illegible] for a phone and [illegible] police to hustle out [illegible] the forethought [illegible] a doctor. I [illegible] when I met this [illegible]"—he indicated the sergeant—"with Miss Stewart, whom he had spotted leaving the park. She spilled her story but it took us some time to find a rope. Meanwhile the lads from Greenhurst arrived. Most of them have got shotguns and are scattered round about."

"Then Julius can't have broken away! That's the only thing I'm interested in at the moment."

"Not unless he's developed wings. We've got him well bottled. I reckon you can leave him to us. The doctor will see you and Miss Stewart back to the Rose in June and——"

"Stop right there, Sonny. Not another peep out of you. If you think I'm to be cut out of this show because——"

"Because you've got a cold in the head, a touch of stomach ache and a pain in the neck, to say nothing of having been dead and buried," quoted Garry solemnly. "Seriously, you can do no good here."

"All the same, I stay," declared Horace doggedly. "The doctor has patched me up and I've still got one good arm. I could use a gun if somebody will lend me one."

He raised his eyebrows inquiringly. With a sigh Garry took a pistol from his pocket and passed it over.

"I'd as soon argue with a mule. I'll say you're a glutton for punishment. Anyway, I can't shoot to hit a barndoor so you may as well have it. Now let's get to business. If you're right, the only person left uninjured in the castle is Josh, the lodgekeeper. Julius is badly shot up. I'd like to get him alive. When I think of poor Real..."

"I wouldn't object to seeing him hanged myself," observed Horace, "but I have my doubts. He knows what he's got to expect."

"If there's any way of doing it I'm going to try. Send a couple of men to see if they can lay hands on a ladder, Sergeant. There might be one at the lodge."

A tall, soldierly looking man made his way into the group.

"My name's Ferrers," he explained. "Colonel Ferrers. I'm the Chief Constable of this county. Which is Mr. Conrigan? I'm not clear what's happening but I thought that I'd run over."

"That's me," said Garry and stuck out a hand. "I can't go into the whole circumstances, Colonel, but there's a man in there"—he made a gesture towards the castle—"whom I want to get for murder. It's one of my own men. This is your district but if you've no objection I'll carry on."

The Chief Constable nodded.

"I understand. We'd feel the same way. I don't want to inter-

(Continued on Page 14)

TOO TIRED TO PLAY . . . . . *and then he Smoked a CAMEL!*

Here's the rapid way to bring back energy when tired!

Within a few minutes after smoking a Camel, when weary and dispirited, you will find your vim and vigor definitely increased. First you notice the full, rich flavor of Camels. Then comes a delightful "lift" in energy.

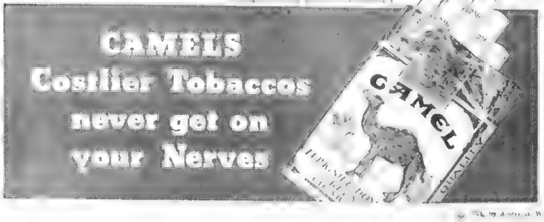
Idea Not New! Thousands of *Camel smokers* have long known and enjoyed this wholesome effect. And now scientists fully confirm their experiences, as you may have read already.

Camels have a positive "energizing effect." Through it your latent, natural energy is made available. The feeling of well-being and vigor, natural to all, is quickly heightened.

So make Camels *your* cigarette. Be one of the great army of smokers who are delighted to "get a lift with a Camel." With Camels you can smoke just as many as you want. Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS than any other popular brand. They will not ruffle your nerves!

"There's nothing that lifts up my energy the way a Camel does. I smoke a lot. Camels never interfere with my nerves!"

GUY BUSH
Star Pitcher for the Chicago Cubs



Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS —Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

Announcing
A Brand-new Food
that Millions of Women have always wanted
ROYAL GELATIN ASPIC

For economy in packaging and to price Royal Gelatin Aspic as low as Royal Gelatin Desserts the Aspic is packed in the same size package as the Desserts. Although the dry contents do not fill the Aspic package, this will make the same quantity of [illegible] as is obtained from a package of Royal Gelatin Dessert.

For Moulded Salads *and* Jellied Meats

"JUST what I've been wanting for years," says every housewife who hears about Royal Aspic, the new, unsweetened gelatin with a delicious meat-like flavor.

With it, you can quickly and easily make a host of wonderful dishes . . . like those made by master chefs at leading hotels.

Jellied soups . . . eggs, chicken or meats in aspic . . . cool moulded fish or vegetable salads . . . all these delicious foods are now as easy to prepare as a simple gelatin dessert.

Royal Aspic is ready for instant use . . . saves you all the trouble of preparing meat stock. No bothersome soaking of gelatin, either.

Just dissolve Royal Aspic according to directions on the package, chill—and you have a tempting jellied bouillon. Chopped, or cut in cubes, it makes a sparkling garnish to "dress up" a platter of cold sliced meats.

Use up your Left-overs

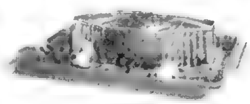
Royal Aspic is so economical, too, for it offers a variety of attractive ways to use up leftovers. Bits of vegetables, fish or meat are deliciously cool and appetizing when moulded in savory Royal Aspic.

Order a package of Royal Aspic from your grocer—tomorrow. It sells for the same low price as Royal Gelatin Desserts and Royal Puddings. Directions and 9 fascinating recipes with each package.

Tomato Aspic and Cabbage Salad

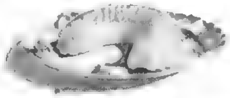
Heat 1 cup (½ pint) of tomato juice to boiling. Pour it over contents of 1 package of Royal Gelatin Aspic and stir until completely dissolved. Add 1 cup (½ pint) of cold tomato juice. Stir again. Pour into individual ring moulds and chill until firm. Unmould and fill center with cabbage salad or mixed vegetable salad. Garnish with lettuce and mayonnaise. *Serves 6.*

SAVE THESE RECIPES—YOU'LL WANT TO TRY EVERY ONE OF THEM



Raw Vegetable Salad

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water. Add ¼ teaspoon salt and 1 cup cold water. Add 1 teaspoon onion juice. Chill until it begins to thicken, then add ½ cup chopped cabbage, ½ cup chopped celery and 1 carrot, grated. Pour into mould and chill until firm. Garnish and serve as salad. *Serves 6.*



Salmon Salad Loaf

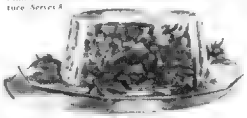
Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water. Add ½ teaspoon salt, [illegible] teaspoon paprika, 1 tablespoon lemon juice and ¾ cup cold water. Chill until it begins to thicken, then gradually beat in [illegible] cup mayonnaise. Fold in 1 cup salmon, flaked, [illegible] cup chopped celery and 1 small green pepper, minced. Pour into loaf pan. Chill until firm. Unmould, cut in slices and serve on lettuce. *Serves 8.*

Deviled Eggs in Aspic

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water. Add 1 cup cold water. Chill [illegible]. Cut 3 hard cooked eggs in half crosswise [illegible] mash and season with salt, pepper [illegible] or other seasonings [illegible] cut side down in shallow pan or individual moulds. Cover with thickened Royal Gelatin Aspic. Chill until firm. Serve as salad or with cold sliced meat. *Serves 6.*

Jellied Shrimps and Olives

[illegible] Garnish with watercress and stuffed eggs. *Serves 6.*



Lamb and Mint Loaf

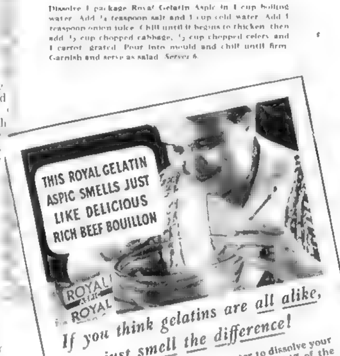
Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water, add 1½ tablespoons chopped fresh mint. Add 1 cup cold water, 2 tablespoons vinegar and [illegible] teaspoon salt. Chill until it begins to thicken, then add [illegible] cups cold lamb, cut fine. Pour into mould and chill until firm. *Serves 6.*

Ham Mousse

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water [illegible] cold water and [illegible] until it begins to thicken, then gradually beat in [illegible] mayonnaise and 2 [illegible] prepared mustard. Fold in [illegible] cups finely chopped ham and [illegible] cup cream, whipped. Pour into mould and chill until firm. *Serves 10.*

Royal Jellied Consomme

Dissolve 1 package Royal Gelatin Aspic in 1 cup boiling water. [illegible] water. Stir again. Chill until firm. Before serving, break up slightly with a fork. Serve in bouillon cups with garnish of parsley and sections of [illegible]. *Serves 4 to 6.*



If you think gelatins are all alike, just smell the difference!

The next time you add the hot water to dissolve your gelatin, bend over the bowl and take a whiff of the vapor that rises. This test will convince you of Royal Gelatin's fine quality.

FREE!

ROYAL ASPIC MOVIE RECIPES. Easy-to-follow, step-by-step pictures show you the fine points of moulding meats, eggs and vegetables in aspic; the right way to unmould gelatin dishes. Delicious new recipes. Mail the coupon.

Royal Gelatin, Product of Standard Brands Incorporated
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Please send me—free—your new leaflet, "Royal Aspic Movie Recipes."

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B[illegible] M[illegible]

By George Dilnot

CHAPTER XXXII.

[illegible]

BEGINNING NEXT SUNDAY

The Mating of Dan Yeo

By Otwell Binns

The Story of a Fabulous Treasure, a Golden-Haired Princess and a Mysterious Island in the South Seas

[illegible]

Like Aladdin's Magic Genie

[illegible]

"How would I know? I just [illegible]."

"I [illegible] wise to you, Garry," said Horace. "I don't [illegible] that you will persuade her to [illegible] another that dope gang [illegible] you, Valerie." He [illegible] "I'm through."

"And remember this, young woman," Garry shook a threatening finger in her face. "This has [illegible] for you. Mr [illegible] asked me to shut my [illegible] for [illegible]. That how long you've got to make your getaway. [illegible] to find [illegible] after that [illegible]. Now go."

[illegible] a mocking [illegible]

"Thank you, kind gentleman. This will be a great lesson to me, you [illegible] Three days—and how am I to do it? I haven't a [illegible] in the world. Well, there are [illegible]. Goodby, Mister Conrigan. Goodby, Horace."

She kissed her hand, and with a smile on her lips and her head held high passed out of the doorway.

* * *

Two days later Garry Conrigan called to take lunch at the Jefferson Hotel. Magda Stewart and Horace were waiting for him, seated together on one of the [illegible] in the hotel lounge. Cocktails were in front of them. The [illegible] detective surveyed them [illegible].

"I [illegible] to intrude," he declared.

"[illegible] you great lump of [illegible]."

"[illegible] Martini for mine," said Garry, and as the waiter put a [illegible] up. "Good [illegible] to the [illegible]."

"A little previous," declared Horace, and his eyes rested on the girl, whose cheeks were crimson, though her eyes were twinkling. "But with the help of a little high-toned diplomacy anything may happen."

His glass touched hers.

"All over but the shouting," said Garry, and shifted his position as his friend prodded him [illegible] with a bony elbow. "Behave yourself, Horace. I didn't mean what you mean. I was talking of the case. [illegible] you hit me if I congratulate you [illegible] on the case. [illegible] one way. I've got a [illegible] against men who shoot police officers and I'd have given [illegible] have caught Julius alive."

"I know. You'd some notion of dragging him out of the burning castle when he collapsed."

"It did pass my mind, [illegible] hadn't been convinced he was dead—but never mind. However, he saved us some bother. There won't be so many [illegible] questions [illegible]."

"That's meant for me," explained Horace to Magda. "Garry doesn't [illegible] of my method [illegible] to say so while [illegible]."

"Well, you get [illegible]," admitted the Scotland Yard man. "I'll make you a present of that. Your guesses have been right all through, Horace."

"Another nasty crack. Not so much of the 'guesses.' I'm always right. I take it that you haven't anything fresh to tell us."

"Nothing except that [illegible] bloke Ralph [illegible] looks like [illegible] round. We're beginning to get some [illegible] out of him. He wasn't in the confidence of the gang, but he [illegible] wrong and [illegible]. It seems that Harg[illegible] him of an [illegible] the [illegible]."

"A [illegible]," said Horace, "[illegible] ous howls that Magda [illegible] heard when [illegible] to the castle. I wouldn't [illegible] prised if that poor devil was responsible."

"Quite likely," agreed Garry. "By the way, Miss Stewart, [illegible] you heard any more of your affairs?"

"Horace is straightening them out for me," she said.

"I see."

Horace punched the other again in the ribs.

"What are you laughing at now, you old hyena? Come on. What about a spot of [illegible]?"

THE END.

Copyright [illegible] George Dilnot. [illegible]

Dew's protection is not a luxury . . .

● Stopping perspiration and ending [illegible] is [illegible] expensive luxury. You can use Dew as often as you want, and it will not cost you more than $1.00 a year. Everybody can afford it—everybody should use it.

Dew puts an instant end to perspiration and its unpleasant odor. It protects you from offending others through body odors, and it protects your clothes from [illegible].

Dew is a [illegible]. It is odorless, pure, and [illegible]. Apply regularly to underarms. Sold at drug and department stores, in generous 25c and 50c sizes.

Dew instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary napkins.

[illegible] Dew for [illegible] use. [illegible] Ultra Dew for [illegible] protection. [illegible]

FREE SAMPLE OF DEW [ ] INSTANT or [ ] ULTRA

Mail this coupon [illegible] or [illegible] postcard. MARION LAMBERT, INC., St. Louis, Mo. Without cost to me please send sample of Dew.

Name ____________

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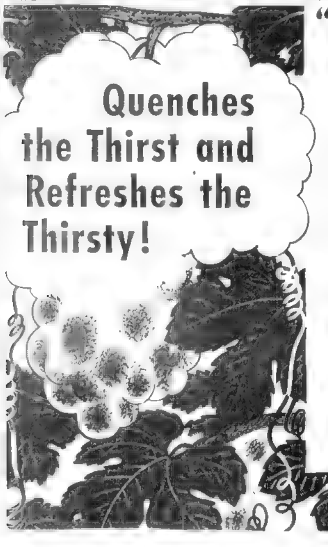


Quenches the Thirst and Refreshes the Thirsty!

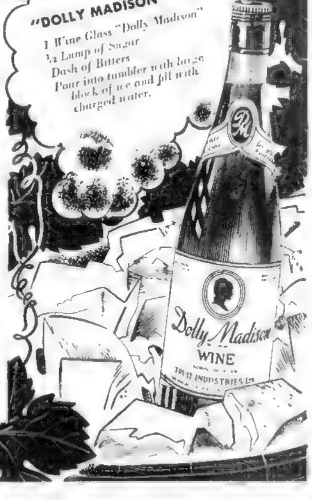
"Dolly Madison"

Have you tasted the wine that is quenching and thrilling the thirsts of America? . . . it'll be the surprise of your life, if you haven't! . . . for, here's a wine that's America's first-aid relief for ravenous Summer thirsts . . . named in honor of the famous First Lady who gave the place of honor to American wines . . . Dolly Madison! . . . a wine that's a joy to the lips, a thrill to the palate, and a nectar all the way down! . . . a delicate, sun-lit, amber vintage . . . not too dry, not too sweet, just the happy medium in between . . . appropriate on all occasions, correct in all glasses, including those you have . . . a wine that graces any ceremony, but requires no ceremony to serve! . . . serve it at dinner, serve it at luncheon, serve it at bridge, serve it on the veranda when throats are parched and spirits are low, and watch the refreshed and animated faces when uplifted glasses are put down!!

Keep *Dolly Madison* on ice and follow the recipe given above for quenching the thirst and refreshing the thirsty with the wine that does both!

FRUIT INDUSTRIES, LTD. *Los Angeles • San Francisco • New York • Chicago*

"DOLLY MADISON" COOLER
1 Wine Glass "Dolly Madison"
½ Lump of Sugar
Dash of Bitters
Pour into tumbler with large block of ice and fill with charged water.



HOW'S BUSINESS?

ON THE BOOM! IF YOU HAVE

A SENSATION LIKE THIS

All quotations printed here are from genuine letters on file in the offices of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc.

Look at the NON-SKID in the center of this tread – the spot that counts, because that's wnere the tread contacts the ground. When it comes to *safety*, insurance figures show that 5½ times as many accidents are due to *skidding* as to blowouts and punctures combined. Remember this when others try to duplicate what the "G-3" gives you: *You have to have "NON-SKID" before any tire can give you "NON-SKID MILEAGE"* and safety – and you have to have Goodyear Supertwist beneath this type of tread to make it a real success.

Buyers come with a rush to get the tire that defies fast tread-wear

43% more miles of real non-skid safety in "G-3" meets tremendous popular response

HERE'S thrilling news for the millions who are scanning the business horizon for signs of increasing sales.

Here's a *1934 success story* that teaches the homely truth that *people will buy if you build what they want.*

And the cash registers of 30,000 Goodyear dealers from coast to coast are ringing with the news that car owners want *43% longer non-skid mileage.*

An overnight success

"G-3" is the magic name that released this flood of buying.

I usually wear out a set of tires in about 15,000 miles, but have already driven these tires 12,879 miles and can note no appreciable wear on the front and very little on the rear. W G B.

My car now has 17 500 on it with plenty of non-skid life I feel that they will give at least 35,000 miles K H S. Schuyler. Neb

I have driven 25,850 miles since these tires were installed and you can hardly see that they have been used A. K L. Fergus Falls, Minn

I have this new type Goodyear on my Plymouth and they have run over 22,000 miles The diamond blocks are in good shape and still give me plenty of traction R J. L. Cherokee. Iowa

Seventy-five per cent of our customers have requested that their new cars be equipped with the new "G-3" tires. J. B. W., Huntsville, Texas. (car dealer)

These "G-3" tires.. have run a total of 18,030 miles . and have practically 75% of their non-skid left. L. K, Seattle. Wash

I have 33,000 miles on my set and they are still good for many more W H K. Albany. N Y.

These tires have been well over 20 000 miles, and still have many more non skid miles left F R R. Albany, Ga

"G-3" is the tire that stood up under the toughest tests ever dealt out by a test fleet.

"G-3" is the tire that *keeps its grip* 43% longer than former All-Weathers – *twice as long* as other tires tested against it.

"G-3" is the All-Weather Tread Goodyear tire that gives you a broader, flatter tread – more rubber in the tread – more rubber against the ground.

It gives you more non-skid blocks in the center of the tread – 16% more, for greater safety, quicker stopping, longer wear.

It gives the finest foundation any tread could have – patented Goodyear Supertwist in the tire body – and frankly, it would be impossible successfully to build such a tread without this Goodyear ply material.

You might expect that this extra rubber, extra mileage, extra safety would make the "G-3" more expensive.

It *does* cost more to build this sensational new tire – but *you pay no more to buy it!*

These plain facts started the rush of buying at Goodyear dealers! Isn't it a good idea for you to join the crowd?

THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, INC.
AKRON, OHIO

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

She Walked Into His Parlor by Maysie Greig

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

IT is a blow to Kent Wilburn to learn that his young son, Bob, has loaned Freda Miller, who admits to being eight years older than the boy, the money to establish a stenographic bureau on Park Avenue, and intends to marry her as soon as he comes into the rest of his money. Kent is especially distressed because Bob is already engaged to lovely Ann Quinn, who lives on an adjoining Long Island estate.

Freda refuses Kent's overtures to be bought off. She merely tells Bob his father called and she thinks him generous and delightful. Embittered by a previous love affair, and hating Kent, she decides she will marry Bob.

Kent enlists the aid of Caroline Redfern, a clever and resourceful widow.

Freda is suspicious when she learns that a new client, Mrs. Redfern, is a great friend of Kent and has been trying to marry him for years. She accepts Bob's invitation and comes down for the week-end.

Kent says he has accepted an invitation to Ann's dance for them. Ann has planned the dance to make Bob watch her flirt with someone else. She picks out Dick Wiley, a friend of her brother.

Bob arrives early to help with the decorations and begins to feel twinges of jealousy.

CHAPTER XIV.

A Proposal.

KENT leaned forward abruptly in the armchair, his elbows digging into his knees.

"You don't love Bob, Miss Miller, do you?" he insisted. "Not as —" and the words he heard himself say surprised him — "not as," he repeated, "you could love a man?"

She started; a queer tremor went through her. Almost against her wish something within her responded to the note of earnest inquiry in his voice. For the moment she forgot this man was her bitterest enemy.

She felt, without consciously admitting it, his attraction. His lean face, with the slightly crooked lips, had strength; his tall, slight figure with its lazy almost feminine grace was, she sensed, hard and muscular; his blue eyes could be merry as well as mocking.

"No, I don't love Bob that way," she admitted slowly. "But I'm very fond of him."

"Ah!" Her words seemed to have broken a strange spell that, momentarily, had held them both captive. "At least I'm grateful to you for being frank," he said, and added forcibly: "And, in the face of your admission you must see I can't possibly allow you to marry my son."

His tone raised all her antagonism.

"Bob is of age and has his own money," she pointed out. "Supposing I say I have every intention of marrying him?"

"You mean you'd marry him purely from a worldly point of view?"

Her color flamed hotly but she answered levelly.

"I wouldn't be the first girl, Mr. Wilburn, who had done that."

"No," he conceded. "But even if a fair percentage of girls choose to behave like . . . like gold-diggers . . . there's no reason why you should follow their example. And, leaving Bob out of it altogether, what about yourself? Don't you want to wait until you meet a man whom you could genuinely love?"

"I guess I haven't much faith in love," she told him, a noticeable bitterness in her voice.

"But Bob has," he returned quietly. "He's young, full of romantic ideals. I'd hate to see them shattered. Indeed, I'd do anything in the world to prevent them being shattered."

"Why should you presume marrying me would necessarily shatter them?" she asked coldly.

"You've already admitted you don't love him. He'd be bound to find it out in time however cleverly you tried to disguise the fact. Then he'd suspect the real reasons you married him — for his money and position. It would make a cynic of him at the very time when life should be beautiful and glamorous. That's why I'm determined you shan't marry him." His voice hardened.

There was a short pause, then Freda said quietly:

"You ask what I could possibly offer that might compensate you? Only this, Miss Miller. I'm perfectly willing to marry you myself!"

"But what about me? Haven't I a point of view, too? I've led a pretty hard life, Mr. Wilburn. I've never got anything that I haven't had to work for darned hard. This is about the only thing I haven't worked for that has come my way. Why should I give Bob up mainly to please you? What could you possibly offer that might compensate me?"

"You want to get married? But, of course, you do," he answered his own question. "Every girl does. Especially when she has no one but herself to fall back upon and," he smiled faintly, "she has reached twenty-nine. Very well. You ask what I could possibly offer in exchange that might compensate you. Only this, Miss Miller. I'm perfectly willing to marry you myself!"

Freda had never been more astounded in her life. She was too astounded for the moment even to be angry.

"Why should you want to marry me?" she stammered.

"Perhaps," he grinned crookedly, "it is scarcely a question of want to. Let's say I'm willing to marry you rather than have you marry Bob. Isn't that understandable? He has his whole life before him, everything to live for. I'm . . . well, I've had my fair share of the good things of life."

Freda did not answer for a moment. She was still struggling to get herself under control. She regarded Kent's proposal as the most amazing piece of impertinence she had ever heard.

"This noble exhibition of father sacrificing himself for his son is very touching," she remarked cuttingly. "Might I ask if that is the only reason you are willing to marry me?"

Kent grinned suddenly, that attractive lop-sided grin of his.

"I'll admit I mightn't have made the suggestion if you hadn't been so darned good looking," he said.

Her color rose hotly again.

"Am I supposed to be flattered?" She spoke more cuttingly still.

"Reasonably so." His tones were faintly mocking.

"Then supposing I tell you I'm not flattered?" Her voice was harsh and enraged. "Supposing I tell you I've never been more insulted in my life? That your astounding and insufferable proposal makes it impossible for me to stay any longer under your roof?"

"See here," Kent admonished with a return to his lazy, good-natured drawl, "I'm darned if I can see why you should consider a proposal from me such an insult!"

"If you can't there is nothing more to be said," she retorted hotly. She sprang to her feet. "Please make my excuses to Bob, Mr. Wilburn. You can tell him just as much or as little of what has passed between us as you please."

As she spoke she swept past him, and ran up the wide oak staircase to her room. Kent made half a motion to follow her. He found himself combatting a strong impulse to apologize. Yet wouldn't that be an extraordinary exhibition of weakness on his part? And why should he apologize to a girl who had brazenly admitted to wanting to marry his son for the sake of his money and position?

Instead he decided to go for a short walk, smoke a cigarette and think things over.

The night air felt pleasant but his mind was not at ease. The more he assured himself he had no cause for self reproach the greater cad he felt. Would she carry out her threat and leave the house? But, of course, she wouldn't.

The very idea was absurd. Having come all this way to achieve a purpose, namely to become officially engaged to Bob, was it likely she would leave at this stage of the game? Yet he felt worried. Supposing he had been wrong about her? But how could he have been on the face of things? All the evidence he had, showed her up as being an unscrupulous gold-digger. Yet . . . again that probing, worrying doubt.

"Blame it all," he thought, "the girl has no right to be so darned attractive. That's what the trouble is. I'm in danger of being taken in by her as completely as Bob was—solely on account of her good looks."

The walk lasted longer than he had intended.

Curiously, as he drew nearer the house he found himself in the grip of a very real dread that she might have put her threat into action. Queer he should be concerned about it. Wouldn't it be the best thing that could happen? Yet he had a strange and uncomfortable feeling that he would miss her; even that the house would seem empty without her.

"I must be going insane," he thought angrily. "Besides, there is no possibility of her having left. She's far too clever. She would have nothing to gain by it. She was brazen enough to come down here in the first instance. She's brazen enough to carry on, whatever is said to her."

All the same, as he reached the front drive he was almost running. Larson, the butler, was in the lounge.

"The young lady has left, sir," he said in answer to Kent's quick inquiry. "She asked me to phone for the local taxi to take her to the station a few minutes after you left the house."

CHAPTER XV.

Bob Finally Speaks.

AS the dance progressed Ann felt rather like a hen who had laid an egg and hatched out an elephant. Dick Wiley was becoming more than she could cope with. He did not give her a moment's peace. Besides, her flirtation with him was not having the effect upon Bob she had meant it to have.

At first it had almost seemed that Bob might be jealous. That was during their first dance together. But, as the evening wore on, she saw that he did not care. He was distrait, restless, wondering all the time why his father and Freda hadn't arrived.

"I can't think what can have happened to them," he kept repeating, "except that the car has broken down on the way."

At ten-thirty he rang the house, but there was no reply. The servants had stepped down to the gardeners' house for the evening.

"Look here, Ann," he exclaimed just before the supper dance, "I think I'd better dash home in the car and see if I can find them."

"But, Bob, you'll miss the supper dance. I thought we were having it together."

"You won't mind if I cut it? I'm worried about them."

For one wild moment she almost said, "But I do mind, Bob. I mind terribly. I've been looking forward to having the supper dance with you all evening. Can't you stop thinking about her just for this one night? Can't you think about me instead?"

"No, I don't mind," she lied.

He squeezed her hand. "You're a great kid, Ann. You do understand?"

She nodded. She couldn't have spoken.

"Walk down the drive with me," he said impulsively. "I left my car at the gates. I thought there would be too much of a jam up here."

Ann went. She was elated at the thought he wanted her to walk down the drive with him. It was a glorious night. A soft Spring night like the one on which they had become engaged.

It might have been yesterday instead of a year ago. The river had been quiet and silver; the girl in the rowing boats looked like fairies in gossamer dresses; every now and then you saw the tip of a lighted cigarette, like a glowworm in the darkness, or heard the faint twang of an ukulele.

One moment Bob and Ann had been talking, laughing, teasing each other as they had done since childhood. The next they found themselves silent. It was queer. Yet, in those moments, as they sat side by side in the warm darkness with nothing to say each was throbbingly conscious of the other's presence.

"Do you know, Ann, I've never kissed you," Bob said. There was a new deep husky note in his voice.

She laughed, shakily. "But we don't kiss, Bob."

"Don't we?"

Suddenly he leant forward, gripped both her wrists, drew her towards him with a little jerk and kissed her. Not a long affair, their first kiss, but very sweet. He put an arm about her shoulders.

"I can't be in love with you, Ann. It seems ridiculous." He tried to laugh, but the laugh didn't come off.

"Why should it be ridiculous?" she demurred.

"Well . . . we've known each other so long."

She reached up a hand and touched his cheek. "Doesn't that make it nicer . . . now it has come?"

"Does it?" He took her hand and kissed the palm thoughtfully. "I guess it does, Ann. You are a sweet kid."

"You're not so bad yourself, Bob."

He kissed her again. This time he didn't hurry over it.

"You're going to marry me, Ann? I couldn't bear to lose you. I wouldn't know what to do without you."

"I think I'd feel lost, too," she smiled.

"You darling!"

He caught her to him again. She sighed blissfully and snuggled against him. Yes, it had been a wonderful night. How happy she'd been! Only a year ago.

Several other couples were walking in the garden. She heard their low laughter, saw their forms outlined vaguely whenever they passed one of the Japanese lanterns that swung gently to and fro in the faint night breeze.

The driveway looked like a silver serpent in the moonlight.

Ann laid a tentative hand on Bob's arm.

"It is a heavenly night."

"Yes." But he was looking straight ahead of him, scowling.

Her pressure on his arm tightened. "You'll be back soon, won't you?"

"I'll try to be." He hesitated. "But I mayn't be able to come. You won't be disappointed?"

That was so ridiculous she almost laughed.

"Why mayn't you be able to come?" she asked.

"Well . . ." He stopped walking suddenly and kicked at the loose gravel on the drive. "Freda may be ill," he blurted out. "She mayn't want me to come back."

"Freda?" she questioned, though she knew very well whom he meant.

"She's—she's a friend who is staying with us."

"Oh."

The pause was prolonged and painful. Bob continued to stare down at the loose gravel he was pushing into a little mound with the toe of his shoe.

"Ann . . ."

"Yes, Bob?" Her voice had sharpened perceptibly.

"Ann . . . There's something I ought to tell you about Freda. She—well, I'm afraid I'm in love with her." His voice was hoarse, and a little desperate. But he felt better after he had said it. He wished now he had told her weeks ago. It had been an awful load on his conscience.

She was silent so long he stumbled on hoarsely. "You don't mind very much, do you? Please don't, Ann dear. I've been so worried about it. I've—I've felt such a brute. But . . . I can't help it. I do love Freda terribly. I know I loved you once, but more as a friend. I still do love you that way. That's why it's so hard for me to tell you this. I'd rather do anything than hurt you . . . You're not hurt, are you, Ann darling?"

Another pause.

"No," she whispered, "I'm not hurt, Bob."

He drew a deep breath. Relief. "I'm glad to hear you say so, Ann. You do mean it? You're not just saying it because . . . Oh, I'm talking like a conceited fool. You've probably been waiting to give me the chuck for ages."

She smiled faintly. "Well, not exactly."

He gripped both her hands. "Say, you're great! If I'd known you'd take it like this I would have told you ages ago. And we can go on being friends, can't we? Please say yes. I'll feel rotten about it if you refuse."

"Why shouldn't we be friends?" She caught her breath sharply a moment, then continued quickly, "And don't feel badly. I don't mind. At least not much." Again she smiled slightly.

He raised her hands one at a time to his lips and kissed them.

"Bless you, Ann darling. You are so darned sweet about it you make me feel as though I ought to be horse-whipped! Not that I'm much loss in your life. You are the lucky one, being rid of me." He gave a short strained laugh.

Silence again. He felt he should go. But now he was free to go he was surprised to find he didn't want to go much. Old memories, old associations held him to her with tentacles as flimsy as the silver moonbeams, yet oddly binding.

She looked so sweet standing there, her hair silken and glossy, her face rather set and white. He found himself wanting to put his arms around her, and comfort her. Yet wasn't it dashed conceit on his part even to think she might need comforting?

"You'll let me know if there's anything I can do for you ever, Ann?" Curiously, of the two he seemed the more upset.

"Don't let's be melodramatic, Bob!" She gave a small shaken laugh.

"I'm sorry. It did sound dumb, didn't it?" He had flushed and was glad of the darkness. "We're going to see each other often, aren't we?" he went on eagerly. "It shouldn't make so much difference our not being engaged."

"Not a lot of difference, Bob."

"Well, I must go. I can't imagine what has happened to them. . . ." But still he stood there facing her. In the end it was Ann who sent him away.

"Supper will have begun," she said. "I must go back to my guests."

"Of course . . . selfish of me keeping you standing here." He appeared to be about to say something more, but he didn't say it. Instead he climbed into the car, switched on the head-lamps and started the engine.

"So long, Ann. We'll meet again soon."

"Good-by, Bob."

He raised a hand to her in a half salute as he drove away. Ann raised her hand, too, but he didn't see it. She remained standing there motionless a long time after the tail-light of his car had disappeared. "Well, I knew it was coming," she thought dully. Certainly that should have helped.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Weird Pursuit.

"YOU mean she's actually left the house?" Kent exclaimed sharply.

Larson looked at his master in surprise. Hadn't he known the young lady intended leaving that evening? And if he hadn't it was a nice piece of gossip to retell that night in the gardener's cottage.

"Yes, sir. She took her suitcase, sir."

"Thanks," Kent snapped.

He turned and went quickly down the front steps, ran round to the garage, and jumped into his powerful roadster. He had not the least idea when the next train left for New York, but there was a fair chance he might arrive at the railroad station before it did.

He was acting entirely on impulse. He had no notion what he would say to Freda if he did catch her in time. But, at the moment, that didn't worry him. What did worry him was, if he couldn't persuade her to return, what explanation could he give to Bob for her abrupt departure?

Bob had left her in his charge. Obviously what had happened must seem his fault.

They would have another row, and Kent hated quarreling with Bob more than anything. Besides, she would appear very definitely the injured party. It might drive Bob straight into her arms.

This, Kent persuaded himself, was the sole reason for his hot-headed chase. He refused to admit any more personal reason; that this girl, gold-digger or not, had brought a new and exciting interest into his life; that emotions he had thought dead, had sprung again into startling life; that even while they were hurling insults at each other he was thinking how beautiful she was.

He stepped on the accelerator harder. It became almost a matter of life and death that he should get to the station before the train.

(Continued on Page 18)

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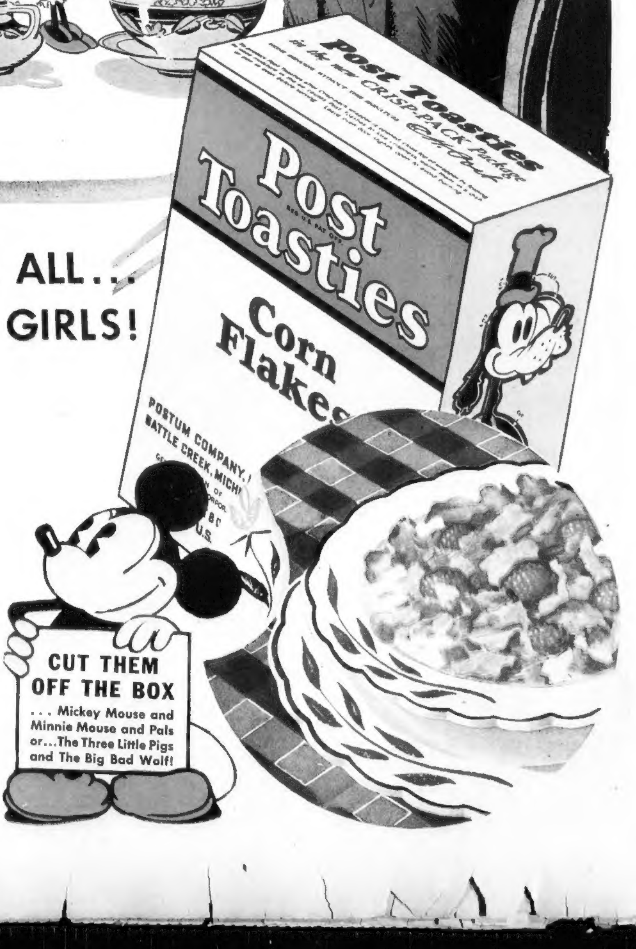

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Smart Service for the Summer Refreshment

By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

THE tray's the thing! Nothing is more certain this Summer than that every hostess has become "tray-minded" with a capital T—and that trays are following a popular curve in the bedroom, the porch and the parlor, as well as in their traditional spheres in the dining-room and kitchen. Trays to the right of her, trays to the left — bright, gay, and nautical—there is some kind of tray for every purpose and need of the Summer refreshment.

A more flexible attitude towards eating is also apparent—no longer is it always necessary or even good taste to sit down at the usual formal dining table—the newer idea is to pile up your tray and take it whither you will. Any homemaker will welcome the smart matching tray service designed for this individual style of eating.

Such trays are oblong in shape, just large enough to accommodate two large dinner plates in width, yet small enough to carry conveniently when loaded. They are finished in a high glaze, and come in a choice of the most good-looking colors, among them black, of course, sulphur yellow, lipstick red, and so on. Their distinguishing feature is their non-markable surface—which is proof against alcohol stains, cigarette abuses and other disfigurements. A set of six, two of each color, makes it easy to serve three couples in practically any location, indoors and out.

The same type of convenient oblong tray is to be found with smart nautical designs—anchor, flags and compass wheel — with blue naturally the predominant color. Equally chip proof, they add a note of high vacation joy and aquatic sports to even the most inland of homes. Matched up with any kind of white crystal or glassware, they give the coolest possible setting to the Summer ginger ale or other light beverage.

The hostess or host who is especially moved by things seagoing, will rejoice in a matching refreshment set made in the form of a genuine ship's compass. At the intersections of the compass is a compartment holding each glass, and in the center of the compass is a recipe compass or chart for the mixing of cocktails and similar heat and thirst-chasers. The wheel is finished in oak, like a compass, while the partitions are light metal, painted white. A dozen glasses are held as the compass is passed around.

Special trays or holders for pretzels are not in themselves new, but this particular model is extremely attractive and clever. It is a lightweight oblong tray with rounded-up edges and a thin flat center or "bail" handle—indeed a shallow metal basket. But the tray itself appears to be one of those old-fashioned check doilies, red or white, with fringed edges so popular in grandfather's day, and so equally reminiscent of pretzels, beer and "Ach du lieber Augustin," generally. The tray looks as if it were lined with a checked doily—take your choice of red checks or blue—but it is only a painted doily, which means no extra washing for the housewife. A red checked tray filled with pretzels or other crackers is the gayest color note on any buffet table, particularly if beer be the beverage.

Trays with hunting scenes on their surface, also made of the same non-chip and spot-proof material, are liked by men, and are in great demand in modern versions of the old tap room. Here too, wood as wood, is being seen in many variations, especially in the very smart wood cheese and sausage boards. One of these is a "bung tray" in natural grained heavy oak wood, cracks showing and all—but with such a fine finish that the sliced or raw foods may be served direct on the wood, as on a plate. These bung boards or cheese boards look as if they were the knocked-out head of an old cask or barrel—they are as practical as they are substantial—and well may the hostess be proud of such a tray piled high with assorted sliced cheeses, salami, liverwurst, bologna and other sausages.

For the more sophisticated or indoor parlor service needs, the clever three-fold swinging tray finished in chrome, is a joy to the hostess. This triple tray will hold three kinds of sandwiches or similar food, while passed to the guest all at the same moment—making it very delightful to select one sandwich of each type, if the guest so prefers—and requiring the hostess to offer but one tray instead of three. Truly a time-saving and gracious mode of food service!

The canape plate and the cocktail cup are modern versions of the old-fashioned sandwich plate and coffee cup of the nineties. Every guest welcomes the plate with a handle by which it can be held with safety even amidst the crush of a reception or lawn party. Several types of this handled plate may be found, but the one necessary caution is to select those plates which are sufficiently large really to hold a man's size sandwich or equivalent food portion. Too many of these plates are dinky—and merely encourage the glass or cup perched on them to tip over precariously. One of the most successful models is a round plate with considerable edge, and a wide, graceful cup to rest in the smaller depression in one section of the plate. The handle is a simple flange of metal, light and easy to grasp with the hand while nonchalantly chatting to one's companion.

While floral patterns have seemingly given place to the straight lines and planes of the more modernistic manner, this type of handled plate and matching cup service may be secured in a very rich design of small flowers—the long popular "Dresden" pattern, edged with gold leaf. For the hostess who prefers elegance rather than smartness, such a flowered design on a heavy cream background is superbly suitable.

The considerate—or is it the energetic guest? — always appears on time at every meal hour. But there are inconsiderate and lazy guests and the hostess must cater to them also, often at the expense of her own household routine. For such situations—and they obtain in every household—an investment in an electrical buffet server or combination of casseroles heated in the electric manner—is well worth while.

This is a new version of the time-honored old English breakfast warmer formerly using spirit or small alcohol lamps for its heating. The idea is to place the whole breakfast (or any other meal for that matter) into the four casseroles which compose the buffet, and then forget them. No matter at what hours the lazy guests appear, they can go to the buffet and serve themselves whatever they prefer—and find that food piping hot from seven of a morning until noon—if they should happen to have come home with the milkman and arise confusing breakfast with luncheon.

The use of such a buffet, or other keep-foods-hot equipment, is of the greatest help to the country hostess or the house-party hostess who has not too much domestic help. All that needs be done is to fill the four compartment dishes with the traditional scrambled eggs, bacon, creamed fish, etc.—turn on the current of very low heat—and then proceed, or have the maid proceed, with some of the other necessary household work of the day. Of course, such a buffet is the last word in trickiness for the Sunday supper, and other informal occasions when one or two main hot and creamed dishes are desired.

Companion to this, is the clever coffee pot made of pottery, but having an insulated or heat-retaining cover of a spherical shape. Make the coffee, drain it into the pot, draw forward the metal lid—and lo—your coffee will keep hot for hours, the fourth cup as piping hot and fragrant as the first!

In a well-known play seen on Broadway some years ago there is a scene in which several persons sit around the room, each in a different corner of it, and each eating from an individual tray. All the persons suddenly glance up and see each other eating separately, and one of the characters explodes: "Good heavens—do you know there are homes in this country where all the family sits down at one table together?" But the tray meal is here to stay—especially in the Summertime—for it makes for flexibility, change of scene, and that adjustment of eating hours necessary if the hostess as well as her guests is to be allowed to enjoy a vacation.

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She Walked Into His Parlor

by Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 16)

But he didn't. A sleepy guard, in the process of locking up for the night, told him that the New York train had left some minutes before. Yes, he did remember a young lady with a suitcase getting on board. The train was a slow one and wouldn't reach New York before midnight.

Kent swore. He felt both anger and an acute disappointment.

"Where does it stop?" he inquired briskly.

"It's a slow train. It stops at most every station on the way to New York."

"Thanks," Kent returned.

A minute later he was in the car again, rushing along the silver white highway, regardless of speed, regardless of everything but a burning desire to get to the next station before the train did. He felt his pulses throbbing excitedly, a queer new exhilaration was singing through his blood.

Faster, faster. . . The speedometer swung between seventy and eighty. Luckily the car cornered beautifully and there was practically no traffic on the road. The lights of the next town seemed to spring out at him almost before he had started. Would he be in time to catch the train here?

He left his car outside the station, raced through the barrier and along the platform. The train was just drawing alongside. He dashed from one coach to the next, peering in at the startled occupants.

There she was at last sitting in a corner, a book open on her knees which she was not reading. Her hands were clenched tightly together and she was gazing straight ahead of her. The long hem of her red-brown evening gown showed under her coat. Evidently she had not waited to change her dress before leaving.

"Freda!" he cried. It was the first time he had used her name, but in the excitement he didn't notice it.

She started. The open book slid from her knees. Momentarily her face went white.

Kent opened the door and jumped into the coach.

"See here," he said, "we haven't any time to lose. Is this your suitcase?"

"Certainly, but it's going to stay right where it is," she replied sharply.

"Is it? We'll see about that," he cried grimly. "What do you think I've chased this train all the way here for?"

"I've no idea," she returned coldly. "Unless you enjoy speeding at night."

Already he had pulled her suitcase down from the rack. "This is no time to argue. Come along out."

She had got to her feet and stood facing him, flushed and defiant.

"I've no intention of arguing," she retorted. "Neither have I any intention of getting off this train. Kindly put my suitcase back where you found it."

But Kent had already heaved it onto the platform.

"That remains anyhow," he returned calmly. "Are you going to follow it or not?"

Freda went to the door of the coach. She put her head out. "Guard," she called, "would you kindly return my suitcase to the coach. A fellow here is behaving in a most annoying manner."

The guard looked at Kent suspiciously. He was a big burly man, as tall and twice as heavy as Kent.

"Not giving the lady any trouble, eh?" he said menacingly.

"On the contrary," Kent returned with an affable smile, "it is the lady who is giving me trouble."

But the guard wasn't convinced. "Would you like me to move you into another coach, miss?"

Freda threw Kent an angry look. "Thanks," she returned. "I think I will change my coach. This fellow seems to have no intention of getting out and I don't want to continue the journey in his company."

The guard picked up the suitcase. "Come along, miss," he said gruffly. "We haven't much time."

Freda took her gloves and her book off the seat and prepared to leave. She cast another defiant glance at Kent, as though half expecting him to try and stop her. But he merely stepped aside and bowed most politely.

"Pleasant journey, my dear. We will meet again soon."

"It can't be too soon for me," she snapped back.

His blue eyes twinkled. "You are really most kind."

She said no more, but followed the guard with her suitcase. She was furious. Not only had he forced her to leave her coach but she had an annoying feeling he was silently laughing at her. Yet hadn't she outwitted him by calling the guard and putting herself under his protection?

"A fine slap in the face for the famous Mr. Kent Wilburn, the great connoisseur of women and cocktails!" she muttered resentfully. "He seems to imagine himself irresistible. Irresistible, indeed! He's the easiest thing to resist that has ever come within my range of vision!"

All the same as the train slid out of the station she was conscious of a curious sense of let-down. She had won, but victory, at times, can seem a little dull. She told herself she hated Kent more than she hated any man in the world, yet life seemed rather tame when he was not there. Why had he chased after her? Had he meant to apologize for his insufferable proposal?

"But even if he did apologize I couldn't forgive him," she murmured angrily.

Glancing through the coach window she noticed by the light of a full white moon, Kent climbing into his powerful car.

A moment later she saw him start up the engine. Obviously he was homeward bound, she had seen the last of him for a time, anyhow. That was a relief. She opened her book and made a determined effort to read. She had even partially succeeded when the train stopped at the next station.

"Hello, my dear," a cheery voice called through the half-open window. "Are you enjoying the journey?"

She started. "What do you mean by chasing after me like this?" she demanded.

"I thought it might give you a little pleasure," he confessed with a frank grin. "Women enjoy being chased after. Confess, weren't you secretly hoping I'd put in an appearance?"

"It's about the last thing I was hoping for," she returned hotly. "What object do you think you'll gain by it, anyhow?"

"I fancied I might persuade you to come back to Ann's dance. Just think of all the fun and frolic you're missing! The saxophonist gurgling down his instrument, the banjoist crooning hoarsely out of tune, the pianist making the rotten old piano sound worse. The Quinns have a very rotten piano by the way. And the dancing! The majority of the men are retired and they haven't danced for twenty years, bless 'em. But they try! My word, don't they try! Most of their dear little partners need at least two pairs of shoes during the course of the evening."

"It all sounds too tempting, Mr. Wilburn!"

"Doesn't it? I'm rather good at description, don't you think? Or perhaps you don't think."

The train started to move. Kent ran alongside the coach. Quick!" he said. "There is still time to get out!"

But she made no move.

"All right," he shouted as the train left the platform. "I'll see you at the next stop."

Freda subsided in her seat with a little gurgling sound. Whether it was annoyance or laughter she didn't know herself. Again she tried to read but, against her will, she found her eyes glued to the white roadway that ran for a time near the railroad track. The long, low-slung car with its bright powerful lights charging through the night looked like some fierce jungle beast dashing to the attack. What a marvelous driver Kent was. Again a reluctant admiration stirred in her.

At the next station she found herself looking out of the window half eagerly. What was she doing? She drew resolutely back and was about to reopen her book when a familiar voice said:

"If you are determined on this mad course why don't you get out and let me drive you to New York? Don't you find it stuffy in that coach?"

"Not at all," she snapped back.

"No? Well, perhaps there's a dead rat under the seat. That might account for the curious odor. And it is pleasant motoring tonight. Pleasant cool breeze, pleasant night mist, pleasant company—or perhaps you wouldn't agree with me about the company."

"I most certainly wouldn't!"

"Pity. Because being the driver, I'd have to be along. You do see that, don't you? I'm not being selfish. Still, you might put up with my companay for the other advantages mentioned. But you'd better make up your mind quickly. I see the train is about to start again."

"It can't start too quickly for me," she returned coldly.

"Oh well," he remarked philosophically as the train commenced moving. "It's quite a good night for driving. I'll look in on you again for another of these cheery little talks."

At the next station there was no sign of Kent. Freda told herself five times within three minutes how relieved she was.

"I'm thankful he's had sense enough to turn back," she muttered.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

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IF you want to save time and energy, consult the menus suggested in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY—on next to the last page.

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MARY FINDS WHY WOMEN ARE QUITTING THE RAZOR

NOW! Actually Get Rid of Arm and Leg Hair

No Masculine Stubble . . . No Stiff Re-Growth

Now one can actually *get rid* of arm and leg hair. Can, once and for all, banish the coarsened re-growth, the bristly stubble that follow the razor.

This is due to a new scientific discovery by one of the leading cosmetic laboratories of the world. A way that solves the arm and leg hair problem as women have always hoped it would be solved.

What It Is

It is an exquisite toilet accessory, resembling a superior beauty cream in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone—gone so completely that, even by running your hand across the skin, you cannot feel the slightest trace of stubble. For this amazing creation *definitely ends after-razor "stubble."*

When re-growth finally comes, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following the razor and old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

Where to Obtain

It is called NEET—and is on sale at all drug and department stores and beauty parlors. Costs only a few cents.

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Don't Be Fat

"Eat Sensibly—Drink Welch's Grape Juice" says the Lovely Lady of the Screen

IRENE RICH

Here Are the Simple Diet Rules:

So many thousands of women have experienced amazing benefits by following the Welch Way to Weight Reduction — not only losing surplus fat but also regaining to a surprising degree their youthful vigor—that we are listing below certain basic rules which every woman intent on reducing healthfully will wish to follow.

These rules are scientific. They give you everything you need in order to reduce healthfully, sensibly. Observe them carefully and you will be astonished how quickly your figure will recover its graceful lines. Even more wonderful than that, however, will be your feeling of new-found youth and boundless energy!

Irene Rich, famous star of stage and screen, who at 42 keeps her weight the same as at 16.

Here are the simple rules. There are really only five—so they are easy to remember:

1—Be sensible—do not eat anything in larger quantities than you really need. Your object is to reduce your diet to what the body can readily burn and leave nothing over for storage. Welch's will help in this direction. It is delicious and satisfying—and will meet your craving for sweets without providing an excess of sugar.

2—Eat plenty of fruit and green vegetables. These contain important essentials to health (minerals and vitamins); they will provide bulk without unduly increasing the calories.

3—Cut down on concentrated foods —those rich in starch, sugar or fat. In other words, eat sparingly of such foods as bread, potatoes, root vegetables and concentrated desserts.

4—Eat a certain amount of meat, fish, fowl and eggs — because such foods supply the protein you need to repair broken-down tissues; but eat sparingly. The calories provided by these products need not exceed one-sixth of all your requirements.

5—Drink a glass of Welch's with or between meals and before retiring — (1) because Welch's satisfies the natural craving for sweets, (2) because it provides energy ordinarily supplied by fattening foods, and (3) because it provides the system with a certain amount of easily burnable sugar which is useful in helping the body to burn up its fat.

Some Suggestions for Dieting the Welch Way

In choosing meat and fowl, it is best to select the leaner cuts. In choosing soups, select a cup of bouillon, clam broth, chicken broth, or any other clear, thin soup, in preference to thick, creamy soups, since the thickening in creamy soups increases the material for fat storage.

Fruits and salads help to provide bulk and make you leave the table with a feeling of fullness; while at the same time they do not provide many calories. Naturally, such products should not be deluged with sugar.

Eat green vegetables such as string beans, cauliflower, tomatoes, cabbage, peas, carrots, spinach, etc.

A small amount of butter adds a great many calories; so reduce your butter and fat intake. You can get enough Vitamin A in your green vegetables and fruits.

For your beverages, drink Welch's Grape Juice, tea, coffee or buttermilk —but be sparing with the sugar.

Ideal Weight, According to Height

WOMEN Height Ft.	In.	Wt. Lbs.	MEN Height Ft.	In.	Wt. Lbs.
4	10	116	5	3	133
4	11	118	5	4	136
5	—	120	5	5	140
5	1	122	5	6	144
5	2	124	5	7	148
5	3	127	5	8	152
5	4	131	5	9	156
5	5	134	5	10	161
5	6	138	5	11	166
5	7	142	6	—	172
5	8	146	6	1	178
5	9	150	6	2	181
5	10	154	6	3	190

Every Day Counts — Let's Begin Today

Start right in today to follow these sensible diet rules — hold to them closely—and within a short time you will hardly know yourself, you will look and feel so much better! Ugly fat will have disappeared. And you will be amazed at your almost endless supply of new-found energy.

Wonderful for Children and Athletes

Welch's helps build solid flesh, muscle and bone without adding burdensome excess life-destroying fat. Marvelous as a pick-up drink for that faint, hungry between-meal feeling. Wonderful for growing children. Its grape sugar being predigested by nature gives the body quick new pep and energy. That's why Athletic Trainers recommend Welch's Certified Pure Grape Juice. Start drinking Welch's today and keep fatigue away.

Listen to Irene Rich Air Programs in "Jewels of Enchantment", Every Wednesday, N. B. C. For Time See Your Daily Paper

FREE Send your name and address to the Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. 2329, Westfield, N. Y., for free scientific health Booklet: "Keeping Your Weight Down—and—Red Blooded Children and Athletes." Also a new, simple Diet List of many good things to eat, with weight and height chart, and a letter from Irene Rich, telling you how at 42 she keeps her weight the same as at 16. All sent prepaid.

Welch's GRAPE JUICE

When a Sandwich Is Enough

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Salad and Sandwich Loaf.

REMOVE crusts from a loaf of graham bread. Cut four lengthwise slices. Place a slice on a platter and spread with crab flakes seasoned to taste with mayonnaise, lemon juice, salt and pepper. Cover with a second slice of bread spread with mayonnaise on upper side. Place shredded crisp lettuce on top and cover with a third slice of bread spread with mayonnaise on under side. Cover with hard cooked eggs pressed through potato ricer or sieve and seasoned with mayonnaise, salt and pepper. Cover with fourth slice of bread. Cover entire loaf with cream cheese seasoned to taste with salt and pepper and moistened with a little top milk or cream. This will require three or four packages of cream cheese. This "icing" may be garnished with sliced pepper rings, sliced stuffed olives, radish roses, crisp parsley or with some of the cheese mixture pressed through pastry bag and tube or aluminum decorating set. Place in refrigerator an hour or two before serving.

Cheese and Bacon Pinwheel Sandwiches.

REMOVE crusts from a loaf of fresh white bread. Cut thin slices the entire length of the loaf. Spread each slice with cream cheese blended with a little cream. Roll up like a jelly roll. Cut in half inch slices. Wrap a strip of bacon around each pinwheel, securing it in place with two toothpicks. Toast the pinwheels under a low broiler, turning often to cook the bacon. Serve immediately.

Toasted Ham and Cheese Sandwich.

SPREAD rounds of bread with devilled ham. Have ready smaller rounds of bread and place one of the smaller ones on each of the large rounds. Spread the smaller ones with grated or sliced American cheese. Toast under a low broiler flame until cheese is melted. Garnish with small pickles. Serve immediately.

Picnic Sandwiches.

PASS 1 cup seedless or seeded raisins through food chopper. Cream 1 cup peanut butter with 2 tablespoons cream. Add the chopped raisins and blend well. Spread between thin slices of graham bread. Cut into desired shapes.

Denver Sandwiches.

SPREAD white and graham bread slices with creamed butter. Have ready thinly sliced cold boiled tongue and gruyere cheese. Put a slice of tongue on white bread, cover with graham bread, then a slice of cheese and repeat. Wrap in cheesecloth, put under a weight and chill several hours. Cut in thin slices crosswise. Arrange on platter and garnish with crisp parsley.

Savory Shrimp Sandwiches.

PRESS ½ cup cooked chicken livers, ½ cup cooked shrimps, ½ Bermuda onion and ½ sweet red pepper (omit seeds and core) through food chopper. Season to taste with salt and pepper and moisten with mayonnaise. Spread between thin slices of buttered white or graham bread. Cut in any desired shapes.

Gingerbread Cheese "Sandwich."

CREAM ½ cup sugar with 4 tablespoons butter. Add 1 beaten egg. Then add ½ cup sour milk and ½ cup molasses alternately with 1¼ cups flour sifted with 1 teaspoon ginger, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon allspice, ½ teaspoon cloves, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, 1 teaspoon soda, 1½ teaspoons baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Pour into a greased and floured shallow pan and bake about 40 minutes in a moderately hot oven, or at about 375 degrees. When cool, trim the edges of the gingerbread, split into two layers and put together with cream cheese beaten until smooth with a little cream.

Shrimp Rarebit Sandwiches.

HEAT 1 cup shrimps and 1 tablespoon minced onion in 2 tablespoons butter. Add 1 minced green pepper and 1 finely chopped pimiento. Cover a slice of hot toast with the shrimp mixture and pour over it a little cheese cream sauce. Serve immediately.

Chives Sandwiches.

WASH and cream ½ cup butter. Add 3 tablespoons finely chopped chives. Spread between thin slices of graham bread. Cut in any desired shapes.

Sardine Sandwiches.

WASH and cream ½ cup butter. Add 6 pounded sardines, 1 teaspoon lemon juice and a little pepper. Spread between thin slices of graham or white bread.

Club Sandwiches (By Request).

HAVE ready as many slices of hot toast as you will need. On one slice place a crisp lettuce leaf, sprinkle with 1 teaspoon salad dressing, add 2 or 3 slices of cold roast or boiled chicken, cover with a small lettuce leaf and a little dressing, and then add 2 or 3 slices of broiled bacon and sliced ripe tomato and cover with a little crisp lettuce and dressing. Cover with a second slice of toast. Cut diagonally across the sandwich and serve immediately.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY
Breakfast Fruit. Cereal. Broiled Tomatoes. Broiled Bacon. Graham Muffins. Coffee.
Luncheon Savory Sandwiches, Russian Meat Rolls, Apple Trifle, Honey Cookies, Iced Tea.
Dinner Tournadoes of Lamb, Savory Potatoes, Glazed Carrots and Green Peas, Lettuce and Asparagus Salad, Toasted Fromage Rolls, Combination Fruit Sherbet, One Egg Cake.

TUESDAY
Breakfast Fruit. Cereal. Rolled Omelet. Toast. Coffee.
Luncheon Macaroni (Southern Style). Corn Bread. Huckleberry Pie. Iced Tea or Punch.
Dinner Salisbury Steak. Steamed Rice. Buttered Beets. Fried Egg Plant. Favorite Green Salad. Savory French Dressing. Frozen Bread Pudding.

WEDNESDAY
Breakfast Fruit. Cereal. Poached Eggs on Buttered Toast. Bacon. Coffee
Luncheon Salt Codfish in Cream. Baked Potatoes, Green Bouquet Salad, Chives Dressing, Pineapple Sponge, Iced Tea.
Dinner Smothered Chicken (Swedish Style), Steamed Noodles, Buttered Lima Beans and Corn. Raw Cauliflower and Ripe Olive Salad, French Dressing. Chocolate Ice Box Cake.

THURSDAY
Breakfast Fruit. Cereal. Frizzled Dried Beef. Sally Lunn. Coffee.
Luncheon Semi-Frozen Tomato Juice, Stuffed Egg Salad, Mayonnaise Dressing, Bread and Cream Cheese Sandwiches, Cup Cakes with Caramel Sauce, Iced Coffee.
Dinner Jellied Chicken Broth. Scalloped Scallops (Fresh or Canned). Celery and Pepper Relish, Ice Box Graham Rolls, Cantaloupe.

FRIDAY
Breakfast Prunes. Cereal. Soft Cooked Eggs. Toast. Coffee.
Luncheon South American Salad, French Rolls, Frangipan Cream Pie or Fruit Compote, Iced Punch.
Dinner Casserole of Veal Spaghetti, Steamed Green Vegetable. Tomato and Cucumber Salad, French Dressing. Sour Cream Pie or One-Two-Three Dessert.

SATURDAY
Breakfast Fruit. Scrambled Bacon and Eggs. Graham Rolls. Coffee.
Luncheon Peach and Almond Salad, Mayonnaise, Bread Sticks, Toasted Cheese Sandwiches, Iced Cocoa, Oatmeal Drop Cookies.
Dinner Breaded English Mutton Cutlets, Cuban Sauce. Steamed Rice. Chiffonade Raw Vegetable Salad. Lemon French Dressing. Prune Ice Cream (Prunes left from Friday).

SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit. Soft Cooked Eggs. Toasted Muffins. Jam. Coffee.
Dinner Roast Chicken with Bread Stuffing, Giblet Gravy, Steamed Rice, Buttered Beans, Cantaloupe or Watermelon Sweet Pickles. Asparagus and Raw Spinach Salad. French Dressing. Vanilla Ice Cream with Raspberry Sauce. Sponge Drops.
Supper Marmalade Sandwiches, Sardine Biscuits, Fruit Tapioca, Fruit Punch.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3083—THIS MODEL HAS GOOD LINES AND BECOMING DETAILS FOR THE LARGER FIGURE. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 39-inch fabric and ⅞ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3082—SOMETHING VERY SMART BELONGING TO THE POPULAR FAMILY OF SHIRTMAKER FROCKS. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3009—AN AFTERNOON FROCK WHICH IS ESPECIALLY CHIC IN ITS RIPPLED COLLAR AND POINTED GIRDLE. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40. Size 16 requires 3½ yards 36-inch fabric and ⅝ yard contrasting.

Pattern 3029—A CHILD'S FROCK WITH RUFFLES AT NECK AND SLEEVES AND CHARM ALL OVER. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 4 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3085—PRACTICAL AND ATTRACTIVE JUMPER AND BLOUSE TO START THE NEW SCHOOL WARDROBE. Designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 10 requires 1¾ yards 54-inch fabric and 1⅛ yards 36-inch contrasting.

Pattern 3084—A HOUSE DRESS THAT MAY BE MADE WITH SLEEVES OR WITHOUT HAS SMART DETAILS. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 3 yards 36-inch fabric.

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"BLUE MONDAY" WASH?

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